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VOLUME 7 NUMBER 1

NOVEMBER
1900

THE SAGAMORE

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
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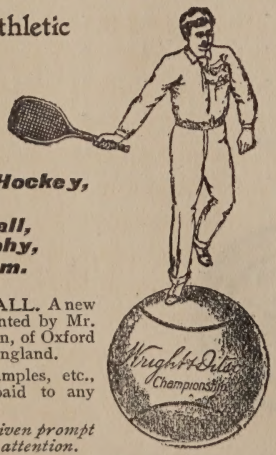

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River. — WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 7 NOVEMBER, 1900 NUMBER 1

THREE GENERATIONS.

The Grandmother.

THE rim of the red sun just touched the distant horizon, and a light breeze sprang up suddenly. The birds whistled and called to each other from the treetops. Down the narrow grass-grown path where the daisies were saucily nodding good-night to their shadows, bounded a small shepherd dog; behind him placidly bobbed along two fat cows, and at their side walked slowly a tall young girl, whose big gray eyes were fixed on the ground before her.

Mary Hutchinson, better known to her friends as Polly, was happily thinking over the important events of this August day, her eighteenth birthday. What did it matter to her that she was barefooted, that her dress of homespun was rough and ugly, and that her hands were brown and hard from much out-door work? Had not her father, as he kissed her in the morning, given her a beautiful new pair of shoes? Did she not know that the pretty print dress, which had been part of her mother's trousseau, was lying in the clothes-press waiting only a suitable occasion to be worn? And her big brothers had promised that in two years at the most, she would be living with them in a beautiful house "down East," with nothing to do but embroider and amuse herself.

At the thought of these words, Polly gave a happy little skip and throwing her arm across the broad back of the nearest cow, smilingly let herself drift into "make-believe-land" where we seek the most beautiful air-castles. Not till she reached the pasture where "Spotty" and "Buttercup" spent the night pondering over their cud, did the girl wake from her brown study; but as soon as she reached

1919

the steps of the rude wooden house, called home, she again lost herself in her thoughts. This was her one moment of rest in the day, for Polly was an oldest daughter and many household duties kept her busy from sunrise till sunset.

Even now she was not altogether undisturbed, for her mother called to her to quiet the baby and then to blow the horn for her father and brothers who were out felling trees. Just as she hung the horn on its nail beside the door, she saw coming towards her across the fields a tall, sturdy fellow who waved his hand. With a blush she turned and ran into the house, saying shyly to her mother, —"I 'spose if John comes in, you will ask him to supper, ma?" Then she hastened to her room to put on a bright ribbon and smooth her hair.

H. T. K., '01.

BE it known that Hecate and her three companions have arrived and are at present located in Room 10 at the High School. We presume they are here for the reunion on the eve of November 1st; or, perhaps, simply at their old tricks again,—the disturbing of study periods; the confounding of teachers.

Certain it is that they have arrived, for the babble of their many tongues, mingled with piercing shrieks, are heard daily, as the weird trio perform their "antic round." They even at times govern recitations, for through their mystic arts, and combination out of school of three and one heads, they answer questions for every person in the institution. It is even whispered that the intricacies of regular verbs do not appal them.

Their appearance is not as startling as of yore. Part of their number wear the red shirts of their master. One of their latest departures is the blackening of their summer footwear for winter use. This is also a fad of their master, who has always kept the hoofs of his servants well blacked.

To them work is play and play is work. In short, although somewhat changed in appearance, their purpose is the same and,—

"Woe to him who any study contemplates
In near proximity to them to perpetrate."

THREE BOYS IN A BOAT.

IT was a puffy day, and as we pushed off from the wharf in our skip-jack, an old lobster-man who was just landing with a dory-load of lobsters, said to us, "Reckon you'd better stay in shore to-day, boys. It's mighty dirty-looking outside. We're bound to have a squall before sun down." We told him that we weren't afraid of any squall, and left him muttering to himself that when he was young boys took the advice of their elders.

There were three of us: "Spike" Graham, "Tony" Green and I. We were bound for Minot's Light, about four miles out. It freshened up as we sailed along and black clouds began to pile up to windward. When we were within a mile of Minot's, Tony said that he wanted to come about and go home because he carried a watch that would be spoiled if we capsized. We asked him to tell us the time; and, after feeling in his pockets a minute, he said that he had left his watch at home by accident. Spike winked at me and I grinned at Spike. We sailed on. By the time we had reached the light-house, it was mighty dark for three o'clock in the afternoon. I began to be worried and I noticed that Spike wasn't talking much. We tied up at the lighthouse and went inside. For some reason or other we didn't care to remain long.

As we were getting ready to leave, the light-keeper said that we had better stay at the lighthouse until the squall was over. We said we guessed we could reach shore before the squall caught us. The bowsprit of the skip-jack was close up to the lighthouse, and as Tony stepped on it his weight pushed it beneath one of the rungs of the iron ladder that ran up the side of the lighthouse. At that moment a swell swept up, and, as the bowsprit was caught, it was ripped right out of the deck. We started with no jib and none of us felt like making jokes. By this time the wind was blowing half a gale and it was so puffy that if the helmsman was caught napping a jiffy, we should be capsized.

When we were about halfway to shore, Spike went up forward to try to pound the bowsprit in and set the jib. He fixed it all right; then he thought he would make it a little better, and, forgetting that the bowsprit was fastened but loosely, tried to walk out

on it. The first thing we knew, splash! Spike was out of sight. In a few seconds, that seemed like hours, Spike climbed in. Then he went forward, pulled in the bowsprit which was hanging by the bobstay and set the jib again.

It was now almost as black as night and we were half a mile from our moorings. But by rare good luck, we reached them just as the squall struck us; it was a pretty close call, though.

H. B., 1903.

A SENIOR'S VINDICATION.

I am an aged Senior,
In room ten I reside,
But I am very angry,
My nerves are sorely tried.
Don't talk about your privileges
For Seniors in this school,
It's "Don't do this or do do that,"
And everywhere a rule.
If I should ask a neighbor
What the lesson is in Greek,
My teacher pounces on me with
"Remember not to speak."
Then, if to be in time for French,
I should walk a trifle fast,
The master says: "'Tis not the way
Of Seniors in the past."
Oh, give me back my Junior days;
Oh free me from my cares!
Then, I was not a model for
The boys and girls down stairs.
When these, our guides, were Seniors once,
I know by divination
That they were perfect ones—at least—
In their own estimation.

R. R. B., 1901.

EVENING.

THE day is over, the birds are in their nests, and all the world is silent. As I think over the day which has now passed away, never to return, my head aches and I am tired, so tired. The many lessons which I have learned are confused in my brain and I wonder if I shall ever be able to separate them in the morning one from another. I do not care much whether I do or not. All I want is rest.

MORNING.

The sun is shining brightly in at my window, and there is a light breeze blowing. All the world is astir. A boy goes whistling merrily by. Appetizing odors come floating through the air, and I feel so hungry that I hasten through my dressing, seize my books, and rush down the stairs to the dining-room; I find that the breakfast tastes as good as it smells. I look forward to the coming day with hope and courage, and am eager for the afternoon to come, that I may see Brookline win at football. What a difference a good night's sleep makes in one's views of life!

M. G., '03.

NEWS NOTES.

We are very proud to record Joseph Hudson Sanford among the members of the Athletic Association. All hail to the future Wilbor!

If Mr. Cole only knew how much he misses some of the voices of First Latin on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings!

A self-appointed committee of three from the Senior English A. presented Miss Hartwell, a few days ago, with a beautiful bust of the immortal William. The price for the bust is not known even to the treasurer of the class.

The first German class is indeed a delight to Miss Johnson's heart. Each one, at his kind teacher's suggestion, is making an earnest endeavor to "sprechen Deutsch wie ein deutschen Engel."

Both Miss Hartwell and Miss Adams are planning for trips abroad next summer.

The new officers for the senior class as elected at their last meeting are as follows: Harry Nesbitt, president; Edythe Freeman, vice-president; Harold Cutter, secretary and treasurer.

Did you ever notice that the top-story windows of the large hotel on the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets are always closed? That's so the clouds won't get into the Hotel Touraine.

When Mr. Sanford happened to look into Room 11 the other day, he was instantly greeted with this startling sentence from Mr. Brooks: "I want the butter, the sugar, and the water!" No, our French teacher is not going mad, but the College French class was having a grammar lesson.

The senior class is getting so brilliant that its "light is beginning to break through the clouds" even on rainy days.

Joseph Hudson Sanford will enter Harvard with the class of 1918.

Mr. Drisko, our new teacher in mathematics, comes from Colby College, where he has occupied the chair of physics for the last four years. Previous to this time he taught the same subject in M. I. T. Mr. Drisko graduated from the Technology with the class of '95.

George H. Walker & Co. have recently issued a very valuable map of the trees of Brookline, prepared by Miss E. Cummings. A number of copies have been ordered for the High School.

The third class held its election of officers on Thursday, the eleventh. Charles Floyd was elected president; Alice Powers, vice-president; Margaret Blodgett, secretary, and Dunbar Dexter, treasurer.

We regret to learn that Mr. Wilson has resigned his position in the B. H. S., to study mining engineering at Harvard. His loss will be felt by all, but especially will he be missed by the football team, which loses a valuable coach by his departure.

The second eleven seems to be made up chiefly of third and fourth class boys. Wolcott Hill of the fourth class is captain.

It is hard to say which attracted the most attention on the playground the other afternoon, the football game or the dead horse.

Some excitement was caused a day or two before the game, by a dog-fight on the playground. Two brave members of the second eleven heroically separated the combatants, so that no deaths resulted.

We hope that the pupils of B. H. S. will unite in supporting the lunch counter. It is all very well to patronize the outside vendors in fair weather, but you will miss your hot soups when winter comes. It is not hard to understand that no lunch counter can afford to remain unless it receives the support of the whole school.

The result of the fourth class election is as follows: President, John H. Weeks, Jr,; vice-president, Grace Downs; secretary, Margaret Jones; treasurer, Clifford Bartlett.

Now that the declamations are upon us, every one wishes that his name began with Z.

The old proverb, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," will prove true if one of the boys of the second class doesn't come back to earth soon.—*An Observer.*

The many friends and classmates of Miss M. Etta Donovan of the class of 1900, Brookline High School, will be pleased to learn that she has passed all the examinations and entered Framingham Normal School where she will pursue her studies for the next two years.

A number of teachers have complained that a certain member of II Greek seriously disturbs other classes throughout the whole building by the loud tone in which he recites in that language.

The class of 1902 has lost a valuable member in President Moseley, who has gone back to Baltimore to school.

A meeting of the second class was called October 12 for the purpose of electing officers. The results of the election were as follows: President, Arthur Judd; vice-president, Frances Manning; secretary and treasurer, Helen Gooding.

Jack Harwood, '02, is now at St. John's Military School, Manlius, New York.

The first meeting of the Brookline High School Debating Club for the season of 1900-1901 was held on October 31.

Paul Jones has left the B. H. S., and is now at "Stone's," where there are others.

OUR GRIEVANCE.

IT is too bad that the richest town in the country cannot provide stalls for the noble steed of steel which conveys so many of the Brookline boys and girls to and from the High School.

The pupils of the school come from all over the town; some of them from a distance of two or three miles. The bicycle is a great convenience in traveling to and from school, once and sometimes twice a day. It does, in our opinion, greatly reduce tardiness; and surely saves a great deal of time. But when we get to school where do we leave our wheels? They lie around outside the building or in the corridors, piled two or three deep. Such treatment, to say the least, does not increase the life of a wheel.

Now it would not cost the town very much to build suitable bicycle sheds, and it would certainly be appreciated by the scholars and teachers of the school.

Wouldn't It Make You Mad

If you had been running for President for four consecutive years
And had been pumped full of confidence every morning by Jimhayjones
And had become a pop farmer to harvest the pop vote
And then you should get a telegram on election night, saying: "McKinley re-elected"—wouldn't it jar you?—*Chicago Record.*

In barring the cigarette from a stock-yards packing house the company would have it understood that there is a better brand of smoke for its bacon.—*Chicago Daily News.*

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL.

BROOKLINE will have its hands full this season if it intends to have a look at the championship. Wilbor had a good deal of raw material in hand from which to pick a team, and the results so far have amply justified his selections. It seems too bad to lose Farley just now, for he and Rowley would have made a pair of ends, hard to beat.

Brookline opened the football season on October 6, 1900, on the Cypress Street Common, defeating Roxbury Latin by a score of 22—0. The line-up was as follows:

Farley	R. E.	Rowley	L. E.
Cook	R. T.	Talbot (Mason)	Q. B.
Delano	R. G.	Wilbor (Thompson)	R. H. B.
Wead (Bartlett)	C.	Quigley	L. H. B.
Lemoyne	L. G.	Cronin	F. B.
Royd	L. T.		

Again on Thursday, October 11, Brookline defeated Volkmann by a score of 12—0. The game was marked by two quite sensational plays, each resulting in a touch-down for Brookline. The first, when Bartlett picked the ball out of a fumble and ran ninety-five yards for a touch-down; and the second, when Talbot, on the kick-off, dodged through the whole Volkmann team, scoring for Brookline. The line-up was as follows:

Richmond (Thompson)	R. E.	Rowley	L. E.
Cook	R. T.	Talbot (Mason)	Q. B.
Delano (Viles)	R. G.	Wilbor	R. H. B.
Bartlett	C.	Quigley	G. H. B.
Lemoyne (Wead)	G. G.	Cronin	F. B.
Floyd	L. T.		

On Tuesday, October 15, Brookline defeated Concord High in a close game, the score being 6—0. Had it not been for a couple of

trick plays which Brookline introduced, it is doubtful whether the team would have scored or not. Following was the line-up:

Thompson	R. E.	Rowley	L. E.
Cook	R. T.	Talbot (Mason)	Q. B.
Delano	R. G.	Wilbor	R. H. B.
Bartlett	C.	Quigley	L. H. B.
Wead	L. G.	Viles (Cronin)	F. B.
Floyd	L. T.		

INTERSCHOLASTIC GAMES.

Boston Latin ..... October 21, 1900
Charles River Park.

Newton High ..... November 2, 1900
Newton.

Cambridge Latin ..... November 9, 1900
Charles River Park.

Hopkinson ..... November 16, 1900
Charles River Park.

AN OCTOBER MORNING.

THE first frost had come and there was a bracing crispness in the air. It was one of those mornings that stir the blood. The white glistening frost covered the lawn, which soon disappeared as the morning sun rose higher and higher. Going out of doors and breathing the pure air in long, deep breaths and walking briskly set the blood tingling. The eye drank in the richness of color in the autumn foliage which seemed to be blended with the purple mists of the early dawn. There is a tonic in an October morning that gives one a feeling of renewed energy, and one's duties seem to be less wearisome when the day begins with morning exercise in the brisk, bracing air. The morning sunshine also electrifies us. All nature expresses the glorious freshness of the morning, which invigorates our minds and bodies.

A. P., 1903.

THE SAGAMORE

Published throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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Entered at the Boston Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

EDITORIALS.

THE SAGAMORE, henceforth, is to be run on a new plan. The Board will consist of an editor-in-chief, nine associate editors, and a business manager, with four assistants. The associate editors will be elected by class vote from a list of nominees whose excellency in English permits their nomination. Three of these editors are from Class I, three from Class II, two from Class III, and one from Class IV, who is chosen at the beginning of the second half of the school year. The business manager appoints his own assistants, with the approval of the entire board and staff.

As the whole board is appointed and elected in this manner, it is thought that THE SAGAMORE will be run in a strictly business-like manner. The associate and class editors are expected to write and to secure articles from their several classes. Failure on the part of any member of the board to do his duty in the make-up of each copy, will be reported to the advisory committee, consisting of Miss Frye, Miss Hartwell and Mr. Brooks, and his name immediately dropped from the board.

The school did well, as a whole, in regard to the membership dues of the Athletic Association. In all, about fifty-five dollars was collected. This amount belongs to the Association; but the girls' basket ball team has as yet made very slight demands upon it. Much as its players covet white sweaters, they have generously refrained from mentioning the subject, and have set their hearts only upon a new ball. Captain Wilbor hopes to be able to provide the football team with a coach, and this will draw somewhat upon the resources of the Athletic Treasury. The basket ball team is very fortunate in having so able a coach as Mr. Nissen.

The school paper at Holyoke, Mass., realized enough money at the end of the year to give the entire faculty a swell dinner. If every member in the school would subscribe to this paper, perhaps THE SAGAMORE will have enough ice cream left to give every one a taste. There's the chance, anyway; I should try it.

It is our private opinion that one of the new candidates for Gamma Delta Psi is doing all the work, while the other is enjoying his brother's consternation and embarrassment. For who can tell who's which?

⚜

Eben Holden says, "He never caught a fish bigger'n 'twas," and "never swore 'cept when he had to."

⚜

Smith College recently celebrated its jubilee. Just twenty-five years ago the college was founded by Miss Sophia Smith. A large sum of money had been left her by her brother, and it was at the suggestion of Rev. Dr. John M. Greene that, with it, she decided to found a college for women. The college opened the ninth of September, 1875, with fourteen students. It then occupied the unique position of the only woman's college in New England. Four years later there were seventy-five students entered, and twenty-five years later Smith enrolls one thousand, one hundred and twenty-seven graduates and nineteen hundred alumnæ. Among this number are nine B. H. S. girls who have graduated, and seven under-graduates.

⚜

Sir Thomas Lipton will try again next year to win the "America's" cup. His challenge has been received with many expressions of satisfaction and pleasure by American yachtsmen, and all others on this side of the Atlantic who take an interest in the international yacht races. Our yachtsmen have never met a more manly opponent. We hope they will keep the cup by victory in a contest marred by no disabling accident; but if it must be given up, the natural regret of Americans will be tempered by a feeling of satisfaction that it will be taken away by a gentleman whose bearing has made all of them his friends.—(*Independent.*)

PERSONALITIES.

The prospects for the ensuing year are rather frigid with Snow and Frost already about the school, but then we have Cole to keep us warm.

Scientific Note.—A short time ago some Brookline High School boys converted an ice-cream wagon into a horseless vehicle without the use of tools.

The man with desperation seized
  The blade of glittering steel,
And grimly tried the tempered edge
  That he was soon to feel.
He quickly raised the shining blade,
  Before a mirror on the shelf
And ere I could arrest his hand
  He—began to shave himself.

F. W. W——d. (*Chicago News.*)

It is to be supposed that you, at your position on the football team, are as difficult to dislodge as weeds generally are.

Overheard in the Algebra Class:

Pupil.—Does elementary algebra only go as far as quadrilaterals.

The cantata "Ruth" of last year said that "Naomi had a Kinsman," but Room 10 is not behindhand in that respect.

Some of the scholars of the senior class seem to regard the payment for the incandescent light numerals, at last year's graduation, in quite a light manner.

M. T.—You are Talbot there are other boys as tall.

A few of us are so fortunate as to hear readings from Scripture quite frequently during school hours.

It is rumored that the football management, acting on good advice, will not hire special trains to take the team to the various grounds on which they will play.

H. E. N.—Rather suggestive of the farm yard.

On the common the other day a ball was kicked between the goal posts from a very difficult position. NOTICE.—It was not the Ball in Room 10.

It is recommended that Bunting be used for decoration in the Hall. It is thought that this idea will meet with favor from every one with the possible exception of one person.

CONSTITUTION OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Article I. Name.

The name of this Association shall be The Brookline High School Athletic Association.

Article II. Object.

The object of the Association shall be to encourage manly sports, and to see that they are conducted in an honorable, sportsmanlike way, with due regard to the health and scholarship of the participants.

Article III. Jurisdiction.

The Association shall have general jurisdiction over all athletic teams making use of the name of the school.

Article IV. Membership.

All pupils, graduates and teachers of the Brookline High School, together with members of the School Committee, shall be eligible to membership in this Association.

Article V. Meetings.

1. The annual meeting of this Association for the election of officers and to hear reports of officers shall be held on the third Wednesday of September.

2. Special meetings shall be held at the call of the President, the Executive Committee, or upon the written request of ten members.

Article VI. Quorum.

A quorum shall consist of twenty-one members.

Article VII. Officers and Executive Committee.

1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The latter shall be a teacher.

2. The Executive Committee shall consist of the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and one other to be elected at the

annual meeting, together with two advisory members chosen by the above from the list of members of the School Committee or of the graduates of the school.

Article VIII. Duties of Officers.

1. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee. He shall appoint all sub-committees not otherwise provided for, and call meetings of the Association and Executive Committee whenever so requested or when in his judgment he may deem it necessary.

2. The Vice-President shall, during the absence of the President, perform all the duties of the President as specified in Section 1.

3. The Secretary shall keep the minutes of every meeting of the Association and Executive Committee. He shall conduct all correspondence, except such as may be in the hands of the managers, and shall have charge of and be responsible for all the books and papers of the Association, except those belonging to the Treasurer and his assistants.

4. The Treasurer shall have charge of all money belonging to the Association, shall pay all bills when properly approved, and shall submit a written report of his transactions at the annual meeting of the Association, or whenever called upon to do so by the President or by the Executive Committee.

5. It shall be the duty of the manager and assistant manager to collect all moneys—these moneys shall in all cases be turned over to the Treasurer—and to purchase all supplies upon a written order signed by the Treasurer.

6. The captains of the respective teams shall prepare a schedule of all games.

7. All schedules of games shall be submitted to the Executive Committee for ratification. The Executive Committee shall have general supervision of all matters relating to the Association, not otherwise provided for in this constitution, and shall have power to remove captains and managers by a three-fourths vote.

8. The Executive Committee shall hold at least one meeting each month of the school year.

9. The Executive Committee shall hold a special meeting at the request of three of its members.

10. A quorum of the Executive Committee shall consist of a majority of its members.

Article IX. Elections.

1. The President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and members of the Executive Committee shall hereafter be elected by ballot at the annual September meeting, from signed nomination papers posted at least four days previous to the meeting.

2. Captains shall be elected by ballot within one week of the last game of the season by the respective teams.

3. The election of captains shall not be valid until confirmed by the Executive Committee.

4. The captains shall appoint managers and assistant managers.

5. All vacancies occurring among the officers of the B. H. S. A. A., except in the list of the captains, shall be filled by the Executive Committee.

Article X. Fees.

1. The membership dues of the Association shall be twenty-five cents, payable upon admission to membership and thereafter annually on or before the middle of October.

2. Any member failing to pay his dues shall cease to be a member of the organization.

Article XI. Resignations.

All resignations shall be made in writing to the secretary of the Executive Committee, and shall be acted upon at the next meeting.

Article XII. Eligibility.

1. No one shall be allowed to represent the school in any interscholastic contest unless he is, and intends to be throughout the school year, a bona fide member of his school, taking a full year's work of at least fifteen prepared recitations per week, or its equivalent.

2. No student who at the beginning of the current month is below, on the year's average, the standard required for promotion

in his studies, all being averaged together, can take part in any interscholastic contest.

3. In class games the principal shall decide for which class "specials" and "partials" shall compete.

4. Only members of the football team who have played in a League game, members of the crew, including coxswain, who have taken part in an interscholastic race, point-winners in the New England Interscholastic Athletic League, first and second point-winners in the Preparatory School League, and such other individual members of the Association as shall be awarded said honor by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee, as a reward for exceptional athletic skill, shall be entitled to wear a red block letter "B."

Only members of the baseball team who have played in a league game shall be entitled to wear a red "B H."

Only members of the girls' basket ball team who have taken part in an interscholastic contest shall be entitled to wear a blue "B."

The award of these symbols, except in the cases above mentioned, shall be at the option of and provided by the captains of the respective teams.

The individual awards above referred to shall rest with the Executive Committee.

Article XIII. Suspension and Expulsion.

1. This Association shall have power to punish any member by suspension or expulsion for failure to comply with the articles of this constitution or by-laws, or for any conduct that shall bring discredit upon the Association.

2. The vote for suspension or expulsion shall be by ballot. A two-thirds vote of the members present at a meeting shall be necessary to suspend or expel.

Article XIV. Re-instatement.

Members after expulsion may be re-instated by a two-thirds vote of the members present at a meeting.

Article XV. Amendments.

This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members of the Association present and voting, provided notice of the amendment shall have been posted on the bulletins four days before the meeting at which said amendment is to be considered.

By-Laws.

1. This constitution and these by-laws shall be printed in the first number of every volume of The Sagamore.

2. Only members who have played a league game shall be allowed to vote for captain.

3. The locker-room, bath-room and gymnasium in the basement of the High School shall be used afternoons by the various teams under such regulations and restrictions as shall hereafter be formulated and posted. The captains of the teams shall see that these are observed. In case any one wilfully disregards these regulations, he shall be denied the use of the rooms.

NEW VERSION OF OLD GRIMES.

By B. A. G. F.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul,
We ne'er shall see him more:
He used to wear an old gray coat
All buttoned down before.

Why mourn for Grimes? His daughters live.
On Fashion's streets we find them;
And still they wear old Grimes's coat
All buttoned down behind them.

—*Scrap Book.*

In a school examination the question was asked, "Explain the meaning of a bishop, priest and deacon." One boy answered, "I never saw a bishop, so I don't know. A priest is a man in the Old Testament; a deacon is a thing you pile up on top of a hill, and set fire to."

DID YOU KNOW THAT METALS NEED REST?

IT may sound strangely to hear persons talk about a "tired steel axle" or a "fatigued iron rail," but that sort of talk is heard along railways and in machine shops, and is considered correct. "The idea of inanimate metal becoming weary!" may be your thought, but experts familiar with the ways of machinery say that work makes it tired, and that it needs rest, as you do.

"What caused the axle to break?" asks the railway superintendent.

"Fatigue of the metal," answers the inspector.

That answer is frequent and often in accordance with the facts. At times an axle breaks or a rail parts or a wheel separates under much less than the usual strain, and the most careful examination possible will show no defect or weakness. This leads engineers to charge fatigue of the metal with the result.

Sinews of steel can tire as well as muscles of brawn, and metal that does not have its rest will cease to do its work, and may cause great damage. At least so the engineers say; and assert that without rest the affinity of the molecules of the metal for each other becomes weakened, until the breaking point is reached. Then comes trouble.

Barbers hold the same opinion, and say that razors must have a rest, or else you cannot keep an edge on them; and many men who shave themselves keep two or more razors so as to make a vacation for recuperation possible.—*Science Review.*

THE gentlemanly part of the playground was more violently disposed than usual the other day, not to say that violent excitement does not characterize every recess; but on this particular day the members had either been fortunate enough to escape being called upon in recitation, or the monologues of the two playground teachers were particularly touching. Whatever the cause, it is certified on oath by an eye-witness that certain of the most vociferous youth, being no doubt crazed by the usual wild excitement of recess, sev-

ered the connections of the courageous steed from the ice-cream business. Did he rush madly down Gorham Avenue, scaring almost to death the precious dears on the stone wall in front of the school, and upset the fat doughnut coon on the corner? No! He placidly munched the verdancy at the edge of the broad walk. Near a group of the most impetuous ruffians stood a noble youth with spectacles upon the bridge of his gallant nose. The laugh had gone down, and the robust vendor of congealed milk and cornstarch was attempting to extricate the bridle from the breeching of his brave steed.

There was a sudden rush, a whoop; the noble youth was surrounded and roughly tossed from hand to hand up the crest of the angry mob. Ever he rose and fell, ever in the direction of the purveyor of the concrete luxury.

They reached the steed. He sank, but a returning wave of arms bore him up and he rested for a moment enthroned blushingly and grinning on the summit of his Bucephalous, and as the radiant mob glared at Alexander of old, they glared at the gallant youth, and as Teddy Roosevelt grins to-day, so he grinned at the multitude.

Did they thrown bricks at him? No; his father is a Democrat, and the proverbial "Mick who threw the brick" was not present. But every hero and good dog has his day. Our hero slid slowly down on the other side of his mount. Mr. Vosmer pushed on the reins. Bucephalous ambled into the shafts and the crowd dispersed.

NOW AND THEN.

During a heavy shower a business man, carrying a very wet umbrella, entered a hotel to pay a call to some one upstairs. After placing his umbrella to drain, he wrote upon a piece of paper and pinned it to the umbrella: "N. B.—This umbrella belongs to a man who strikes a two-hundred-and-fifty pound blow. Back in five minutes." He went upstairs, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned, to find his umbrella gone, and in its place a note: "P. S.—Umbrella taken by a man who walks ten miles an hour. Won't be back at all."—*New York News Letter.*

Sheriff (the court having been much annoyed by the shuffling of feet in the gallery)—"Will ye hold yer tongues up there with yer feet in the gallery?"

A little boy, hearing the hymn read which says

"Satan trembles when he sees
The feeblest saint upon his knees;"

asked, "'Why does Satan let the saint sit on his knees if it makes him tremble?"

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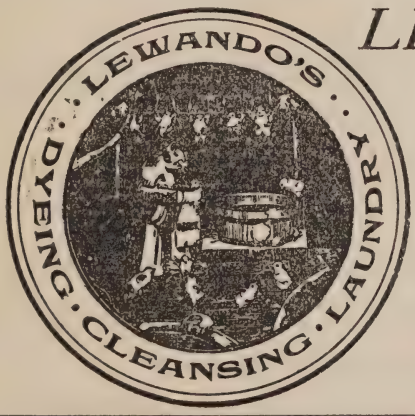

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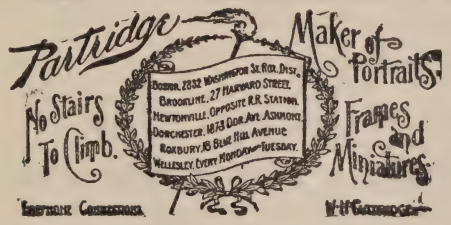

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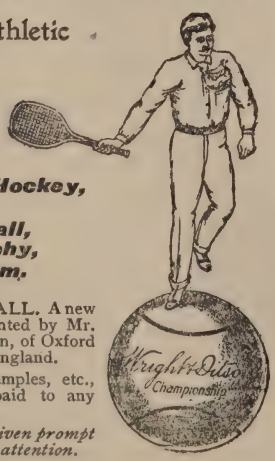

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River. — WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 7 DECEMBER, 1900 NUMBER 2

THREE GENERATIONS.

The Mother.

THE old gray homestead of the Butterworth family looked very dismal, shut in, as it was, from the clear sunlight. Tall trees with a tangle of gnarled branches hedged in the house as in a forest. Heavy vines covered the walls and even some of the windows.

It would have been a beautiful old place had not everything, to the very grass and trees, looked as if it had been swept and cleaned till it was worn out.

There was nothing about the place that did not look exhausted, save a very frolicsome shepherd-dog on the lawn. Even the slim young girl, sitting sedately in a straight-backed chair upon the piazza, looked tired. Her hands were primly folded in her lap and her big gray eyes were watching wistfully the dog's frantic attempts to catch his own tail. Mary Butterworth had a great longing to run out into the sunshine and play, really play, with the puppy. As she realized what she was wishing, she looked around guiltily to see whether her mother was near to read her thoughts. She jumped up obediently as a big voice, as if in answer to her thoughts, called out,—"Mary Hutchinson Butterworth, haven't you nothin' better to do than watch that silly dog? Come in here this minute and get your knittin'."

When the girl returned with her knitting, she plumped down in her chair with a long sigh and for the next few minutes her fingers flew busily. Then she stopped slowly. "To-day she was eighteen years old." Her face was immovable as she thought over the day's

events. Her father had been very kind to her that day; he had even kissed her in the morning. The silk dress that her mother gave her was very nice. "If only," with a little gasp at the thought, "if only it were not black. Oh!" Her brow wrinkled into a frown as she thought of that new girl who came from Boston and had pretty light dresses,—blue and pink. "Oh! To-day she was eighteen years old. When I have a house of my own," she blushed at the thought, "I shall always wear pink or blue dresses, and carry a white parasol." She hastily jerked up from her chair as her mother's voice called, "Mary Hutchinson Butterworth, can't you look pleasant even on your birthday? I've asked Jonathan to tea this evening and you want to be pert while he's around, so go and put on your new dress and," as the girl flew by up the stairs, "and, Mary, there's some red ribbons in the press I got for you, thinkin' you might like 'em, maybe."

(To be continued.)

HER FOOTBALL GAME.

[Twenty-three hidden names of the boys of the Senior Class. See if you can find them.]

THE other day Henry Leyton came and asked me if I would go with him that afternoon to the football game, between Stone's and B. H. S. I had never been to a game, and as I wanted to see the fun kicking the ball, I acquiesced gladly and said, "But be sure and get me a decent seat." Promptly at three we started off on this romantic lark. When we reached the Heywood burying-ground, I heard a faint sound of cheering in the distance. Henry didn't hear it and said, "What a wonderful ear you have for perception of sound?" Finally, we reached the field and mounted the grandstand. "How high am I?" I asked of Henry, and he replied that we had seats in the ninth row. Two London aldermen sat behind us and crowds of boys and girls on all sides. Then the game began. I became so excited that I had to borrow Leyton's cane, and wave it furiously for want of a flag. Finally my fur cape became so oppressive that I said to my companion: "My fur feels so warm, I

shall have to take it off and get cool. I'd get the dickens if mother knew, but never mind." The men played well except they always seemed to find Blake sleeping, and our opponents made the most of this weak point in our team. He was so funny Henry and I couldn't help laughing. Near the end of the last half, when we were within five yards of our goal, Richardson, Stone's captain, was laid out, having received a cut, terrible to speak of. Finally the game ended with the score of 24—0, in favor of B. H. S. In spite of Stone's bitter defeat they cheered lustily for Brookline. On our way home, feeling greatly in need of refreshments, we stepped into a confectioner's. Royally did they treat us. Cherry ice-cream did we eat, also harlequin. Language cannot express how good it tasted, although it was served on old brown crockery. Before leaving the store, we each purchased a bun. Tinges of red had appeared in the west from the setting sun, and my civil escort and I turned our steps homeward. We advise all to attend the Harvard-Yale game next year, for it's as true as scripture, Harvard's sure to win.

E. R. B., 1901.

AT BEAVER POND.

ED. GRANT, pioneer hunter of the Rangeley Lake region, claims superiority in hunting and fishing, and never permits guides or sportsmen to tell tales beyond his personal experiences. In his camp down in the Maine backwoods, while an evening audience were narrating reminiscences, their stories verged on skepticism beyond even his forbearance. Gently knocking the ashes out of an old briarwood pipe Ed polished it on his mocassin and deposited it in his vest pocket, merely long enough to tell the following incidents:

"You fellars may think you know a lot about deer, an' bear, an' fish, an' sech like, but I've camped with 'em for more'n five and thirty year. Before tailor-made sportsmen began to bother me, I uster have pets of all kinds. I remember one little fellow I had was a beaver that jumped clean into my canoe when I was out fishing onct. He was mighty lively an' I tuk him home and shet him

up in my cabin. That was in the morning an' in the afternoon when I went back thar, blamed if the little fellar hadn't chawed my cot, table and chair clean up and built a beaver dam acrost the room straight as a whistle!"

"One of the cutest little chaps I remember on was a speckled trout named Tim. With one summer's handling he was so tame that he followed me all around the camp—knew my whistle jes like the hounds. We uster visit the traps, go hunting and watch the deer-licks together; and I tell you fellars he was a jolly little chap to have around.

"One day we took the Big Island Pond trail, and had got jest as far as where the deer trail's cut by the Little Pond Outlet. They had logs acrost the creek but they was wet and slippery. I got down on my knees and crawled over alright. Tim was a-following me, but only got half acrost and fell in and was drowned.

"Well, I felt purty blue about him for a while but come winter I got over it. I reckon losing of him would a been only a question of time anyway. When snow fell he'd a had to wear snowshoes and like's not he'd slipped down some hill and broke his neck."

The earnestness with which these tales were told and their barefaced absurdity made inquiries as to the guide's truthfulness utterly impossible.

Upon another evening, just at dusk, a number of us with our guides, Huntoon, Tibbitts, Fuller and others, were collected about the guide's cabin door. He was smoking his pipe, and his bronzed face reflected the light from the open fireplace. He said that he had had a remarkable dream the night before. He thought that he was standing before the Golden Gate, and he asked St. Peter to let him in. "O no!" said St. Peter, "I can't let you in, we never let any guides in here!" So the old guide sat down disconsolately beside the road and waited, because he thought he might squeeze in when a crowd came that way. Pretty soon along came our guides,—Fuller, Huntoon and Tibbitts. They knocked at the Gate and St. Peter opened it up wide. Ed Grant wasn't going to have those other guides step into Paradise while he stayed out; and so he stepped up to St. Peter. "How's this," he asked, "you won't let me in 'cause I'm a guide; and you let in them fellars and we're in

the same business?" "Why, my friend," said St. Peter, "these men are no guides and never will be,—they only think they are!"

And the guides charged us the usual one dollar and a half the next day.

X. Y. Z.

A TALE OF WOE.

DOES your wife ever go out and leave you to put the baby to bed? Now that's a nice business. Fun? Oh, yes, any amount of fun. The performance is run on the same plan every time, but with variations in the details. We usually dine on the nursery floor —she prefers this; it gives her more room to splatter. I tie her bib, set myself carefully on the floor with Her on my knee, and we begin the repast,—bread and milk, alternately one spoonful for Herself and one for "favver."

Peace for three minutes; only damage done is the milk spilt on my trousers; they are old ones, fortunately, as I prepared for this.

"Favver, yets play your a bid lion, come to eat baby's supper all up;" with that she scrambles from my knee, upsetting in her haste the bowl of milk. This is a signal for tears, copious tears, which are shed half on my collar, half down my neck. After rashly promising to tell her "ve longest stowy vey is" as soon as supper is over, we finish our repast without any serious accidents. Before she has time to object, I carry her hastily to her bed and am beginning to take off her shoes, when Miss Baby squirms around back of me and, hanging over my shoulders, says: "Pig-a-back ride now, favver." "Not now, daughter, sleepy time now." "No, I no wants to go to bed; I'se a big dirl now, and I'se not a-going to bed till—till tomollow morning." "Nonsense," I say in a firm voice, though I am inwardly frightened, "be a good girl and don't make dear father cross; let's see how soon you can eat this lump of sugar." This move is a grand success, and I am feeling that I have done wonderfully well when I see her huddled up in her white gown; but another blow descends. Surely her hair must be brushed! I reach slyly for the brush, put it behind my back, and, sitting down beside the small

atom, try to smooth out the tangles while I begin my story.—"Once upon a time there was a beautiful—" "No, muvver are going to brush my hair; favver's hurting baby. Muvver are going to put me to bed; don't like favver; go 'way, man!" This last with such infinite scorn mingled with signs of tearfulness that I retreat with the brush—a bad plan, retreat, for it gives the enemy time to think. "I'se going down 'tairs now!" There is a scuffle, but Katherine Louise Blackwell Briggs remains on the bed. Again her heart is broken. Grimly I raise the sobbing, tearful morsel and put her beneath the coverlets. Then my heart relents and I kneel down beside her and in this somewhat cramped position begin the "longest story," interrupted by, "Favver were he a woolly dog?" "Were his favver putting him to bed, too?" "Why don't kitty-cats cry?" Suddenly there is a longer pause than usual; and I find Miss Baby is sound asleep. With a light heart, but a weary body, I go down stairs only to meet my wife coming in. She says reproachfully, "William! You haven't just finished putting Baby to bed?" "Yes, dear." "Do you think a little thing like that doesn't need any more sleep than you do? I don't believe," tearfully, "you care whether she is sick or not." J.

HE MIXED THOSE LETTERS UP.

EDITORS have their troubles. One of these men who presides over the destinies of a western paper is mourning the loss of two subscribers. One wrote asking how to raise his twins safely, while the other wanted to know how he might rid his orchard of grasshoppers, says the *Norwalk Hour*. The answer went forward by mail, but by accident the editor put them into the wrong envelopes, so that the man with the twins received the answer:

"Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it, and then the little pests, after jumping in the flames for a few minutes, will be speedily settled."

And the man with grasshoppers was told to "give castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."—From the Hannibal (Mo.) *Courier-Post.*

NEWS NOTES.

A member of I. Latin made the startling announcement that a certain hero of "The Æneid" found favor in the eyes of the multitude on account of his "graceful tears."

A local paper in Nova Scotia made, some time ago, this statement: "During a sudden and severe squall on the Basin of Minas last week, a pleasure yacht was swamped. All on board perished, seven precious souls and a man from Halifax."

A young mother, on coming in from a walk, was informed by her new servant that "baby was taken quite bad, but I got the medicine in the closet and it fixed him up all right." "But there is none of his medicine in that closet." "Sure there is, mum. Here 'tis. Here's the label, 'Kid Reviver.'"—*Exchange.*

Our teacher in physics has a new rubber stamp with which he decorates corrected papers quite *hand*somely.

Last week a graduate of the B. H. S., who has lived in the west for fifteen years, returned to visit the scenes of his youth. He found the town greatly altered, to his taste, not improved in all respects; but there was one change which received his unqualified admiration,—the high school. He saw everything from the pictures of winning teams to the photograph of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Astonishment and regret were mingled in equal parts, and at last he exclaimed,—"Well, if I had gone to this schoolhouse I should have become Bishop of Massachusetts!"

Wilbor says that if he keeps on practicing on the trapeze in the gym, he will soon become a trapezoid.

The bust of Homer in Room 7 was crowned with a wreath of glory a few days ago. The "wreath" consisted of an Alpine hat of the latest pattern, the owner of which denied all knowledge of how it was placed there. Whether the poet appreciated the honor or not, I can not say.

With six members of the football squad coming from the second class, B. H. S., '02, has good reason to be proud.

Quite a little comment has been made by outsiders about the fine cheering of the school in the Hopkinson game. This was largely due to the fact that Edward Dana, who is now at a military school in Worcester, was present and led the cheering with his well-known energy.

A certain member of the Second Class declared a few days ago that if a second apple of discord were thrown into the school, inscribed "for the fairest," every single girl would claim it."

Have any members of the SAGAMORE staff turned their money over to Harold instead of Waldo Richards? We know of one who has.

A certain member of II. Greek translated in this manner the other day: "Two hoplites of the Greek army were shot on the right wing."

II. Class, Attention! ! Where's His lunch-box?

Ben James, our popular coxwain, has left B. H. S., to go to the Highland Military Academy, Worcester, Mass. He has to get up at half past six in the morning. We think this must be very hard for "Budge" Dana, another B. H. S. fellow who is also there.

Allen Bliss of the fourth class has gone to a boarding-school at Simsbury, Connecticut. Karl Percy, who was in the fourth class last year, is at the same school.

The second class has challenged the school to a football game. The game will be played Friday, the twenty-third.

The boys of Miss Johnson's III. B English class suspect that she doesn't know the alphabet. The eighth letter of the alphabet has not yet appeared in red ink on any of their papers.

Typical New England weather. Dandelions in blossom the twenty-first of November.

Scud around, boys, and get your gym shoes or Mr. Sanford will be after you.

One of our graduates, an electrical expert, tested all the electric wires connected with the organ in the new Symphony Hall, Boston.

Did you ever know that leopards wore caps. They have some sporty ones with the letter L and a miniature football below it.

It makes one's mouth water to see the fat turkeys strutting about the barnyard with a self-satisfied air, but if you observe them closely you notice a look of haunting fear in their eyes. They know that Thanksgiving is approaching.

Miss Flannigan, who, it will be remembered, taught drawing at the Brookline High School in 1899 and 1900, under Miss Weir, has opened an exhibition of her work at the Boston Art Club. Miss Flannigan holds the Paige traveling scholarship of the School of Drawing and Painting. Her pictures are receiving much honorable mention.

Miss Constance Somers and Miss Ruth Miller are at school at Pelham Manor, New York.

The Yale-Harvard game brought about $80,000 into New Haven, besides such little items as $75,000 for car fares and $2,500 for violets.

We are greatly indebted to Harry Donald and Robert Blakeslee for furnishing the cut of the High School which appears on the front page of this number.

The second meeting of the Debating Club for this season was held November the fourteenth. Arthur Judd sustained the affirmative, and Henry A. Hirshberg the negative, of the question, "Resolved: That the Pennsylvania coal-miners were justified in striking." The question for November the twenty-eighth is, "Resolved; That immigration into the United States be restricted."

Pious-looking old lady, being helped from car by careful conductor remarks sympathetically, "It must be so hard for you men to stay out in such a clamp and dammy day." (True story.)

Miss Edith Kellogg, and Miss Trueblood, who taught in the High School last year are abroad, studying at the University at Goettingen, Germany. As they have an apartment and get their own breakfasts and suppers they are having some experience in German marketing.

HUMAN NATURE IN A CAR.

THERE is no place in which our traits, good or bad, are shown more clearly than in the ordinary street-car. Here are a few characters that you will perhaps recognize.

First, there is the young lady on the way home from a most important day of shopping with her arms full of bundles. When she enters the car, there are just two seats unoccupied. With a sigh of relief, she sits down and places her packages upon the other vacant seat. At the next stopping place, a tired mother enters with a baby asleep upon her arms. She sees the place taken by the parcels, and looks longingly at it. At length she musters sufficient courage, and meekly asks, "Would you please be kind enough to remove your bundles?" "Certainly," is the answer, but under her breath, "Mean thing!"

Then there is the stout, middle-aged gentleman, who seats himself in such a way as to take up at least three ordinary places. He especially delights in crowding those on either side of him as much as possible. If he is only so fortunate as to secure an open car, and there are four or five benches wholly unoccupied, and one in which four persons are already seated, he invariably chooses this one, and makes himself thereby a modern inquisitor. To avoid having to give his seat up to a lady, he holds his paper before him, so that, of course, he cannot see any one else, and reads most absorbingly.

Then there is the lady with a child between the most interesting ages of three and six. He immediately climbs upon the seat and looks out of the window. Then come the following questions: "Ma, what are those men doing? Why are they digging it up? Will you buy me some candy? But I want some, and if I don't get it, I'll cry." Then this promising young man proceeds to use the person next him as a door-mat, and if he or she demurs, the mother mutters something about "cruel to my darling."

Last, but by no means least, is the inquisitive person, who cranes his neck to overhear your conversation, with which he seems very much edified. He tries to see whether that box of candy you have in your hand is from Huyler's or Paige & Shaw's. If he happens to

find a seat opposite some person who is reading a paper, he is delighted, and proceeds to economize by reading from his neighbor's sheet. It was my good fortune, once, to hear a person of this stamp meet with a proper rebuke. The gentleman opposite him suddenly turned, and said, "If you are done with this side, I'll turn it over; or say, here's a penny for you to buy your own paper with."

These are some of the types we meet with every day. Do you recognize them? I only hope that you "and your cousins and your sisters and your aunts" do not come under any one of these headings.

H. A. H.

THE TWELFTH CENSUS OF THE U. S.

THE population by the Twelfth Census of the United States was officially announced by Director Merriam to be 76,295,220, compared with 63,069,756 in 1890; this is a gain of 13,225,464 in ten years or an increase of twenty-one per cent. The table given below is approximately correct, although it is subject to final verification. Seventy-four millions, six hundred and twenty-seven thousand, and nine hundred and seven reside in forty-five states, the remainder in the territories, Alaska, Hawaii, etc. No provision was made by the census for the enumeration of the inhabitants of Porto Rico, but a census of that island taken on October 16, 1899, under the direction of the War Department, shows a population of 953,243.

Population of 45 States	74,627,907
" " 7 Territories	1,667,313
" " Porto Rico	953,243
Total for entire United States,	77,248,463

—*Scientific American.*

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL.

ON October 27, Boston Latin and Brookline opened the season at Charles River Park, the former winning 17—0.

Boston Latin did all her scoring in the first half, McGrath kicking a goal from the field in the first six minutes. The hard playing of the Boston Latin boys took the Brookliners off their feet and in three more minutes scored another touchdown on a fake kick. Soon after McGrath scored Latin's third touchdown, picking up the ball on a fumble.

Brookline seemed to lose heart after being scored upon for she did not show up well until the second half when she would doubtless have scored had it not been for her fumbling.

The line-up:

BOSTON LATIN.		BROOKLINE.	
Sullivan	L. E.	Thompson	R. E.
Guild	L. T.	Cook	R. T.
Devonshire	L. G.	Delano	R. G.
Littlefield	C.	Perry	C.
Weatherbee	R. G.	Bartlett	L. G.
E. Hurley	R. T.	Floyd	L. T.
Harris	R. E.	Rowley	L. E.
McGrath	Q. B.	Talbot	Q. B.
McCarthy	L. H. B.	Wilbor	R. H. B.
D. Hurley	R. H. B.	Quigley	L. H. B.
Burlingame / Sanford	F. B.	Viles	F. B.

On November 2, Brookline High was defeated on the Newton Athletic Grounds by Newton—score being 15—6.

The game opened with Brookline having the kick-off. Newton fumbled, a touchback resulting which came very near being a touchdown for Brookline. The winners now played havoc with

Brookline's line and soon had the ball down to our twenty-five-yard line. Here Newton was held for downs and after some preliminary skirmishing, Quigley took the ball far down the field, only to be called back for holding in the line. Newton now settled down to business and a touchdown was soon scored. On the next kick-off Newton got the ball on a fumble and a second touchdown resulted just before time was called.

In the second half Newton soon got the ball and a touchdown followed. Brookline now began a kicking game. On a blocked punt Bartlett fell on the ball. After two ineffectual sallies at Newton's line, Le Moyne tried a goal from field. The ball struck a Newton man, rolled over the line and Cook fell on it for Brookline's only touchdown.

Brookline put up a clear hard game straight through, but Newton's strong heavy team was man for man too much for them.

The line-up:

NEWTON.		BROOKLINE.	
Johnson	L. E.	Thompson	R. E.
Miller	L. T.	Cook	R. T.
Henderson	L. G.	Delano	R. G.
Brietze	C.	Bartlett	C.
Tolman	R. G.	Le Moyne	L. G.
Kenway	R. T.	Floyd	L. T.
Kendal	R. E.	Rowley	L. E.
P. Leonard	Q. B.	Talbot	Q. B.
Paul	Q. B.	Wilbor	R. H. B.
R. Leonard	L. H. B.	Viles, Cronin	F. B.
Stephenson	R. H. B.	Quigley	L. H. B.
Skelton	F. B.		

On November 9, Brookline defeated Cambridge Latin at Charles River Park—score 16—6.

Steady rain fell all morning and in the afternoon this changed to an icy slush. Charles River Park, poor as it is, was worse that day with a delicious pool of muddy water directly in the center of the field. Brookline opened the game in first-rate style, sending

Wilbor across the goal soon after play began. But to Brookline's horror, Latin school got the ball, advanced steadily towards Brookline's goal and soon had the score squared. Evidently the Brookline boys were severely lectured between halves, for they came out with blood in their eyes. Soon after the half opened, Quigley was sent around right end for a second touchdown. Latin now kicked to Brookline, who fumbled and Latin got the ball, but was held for downs. Le Moyne kicked, and Brookline again got the ball on a fumble. Here Quigley ran right end for forty yards, and another touchdown followed. The remaining play was marked by one of Le Moyne's hair-raising punts, which sailed from center to Cambridge's five-yard line. On a fumble Thompson fell on the ball but time was called.

The line-up:

BROOKLINE.		CAMBRIDGE LATIN.	
Rowley (Cronin)	L. E.	Cunningham	R. E.
Floyd	L. T.	Hopewell	R. T.
Le Moyne	L. G.	James	R. G.
Bartlett	C.	Sumner	C.
Delano	R. G.	Farrington	L. G.
Perry	R. T.	Hastings	L. T.
Thompson	R. E.	Rideout	L. E.
Talbot	Q. B.	Taft	Q. B.
Quigley	L. H. B.	Davis	R. H. B.
Wilbor	R. H. B.	Childs	L. H. B.
Viles	F. B.	Burns	F. B.

On November 16, Hoppy defeated Brookline at Charles River Park—score 18—0, but for a time it did look as though the winners had run up against the real thing.

Time and again Hoppy failed to hit our line for gains and the ends, too, held well. On the other hand, Brookline made first-rate gains through Hoppy's line. After the kick-off Brookline gained steadily until on a fumble Hoppy took the ball. Hoppy punted and Le Moyne caught it near center, Hoppy, however, regaining the ball a moment later on downs. The winners made about fifty yards here until on a fumble Cook got the ball. Le Moyne now

punted to near center but the ball was returned and Le Moyne kicked behind Hoppy's goal posts. The ball was brought out to the twenty-five-yard line and kicked and Brookline was heading for a touchdown when Hoppy got the ball on a fumble.

This hard playing considerably wore out Brookline, for in the second half Hoppy ran up eighteen points. There was a pretty piece of playing in the last half when Hoppy only two yards from a touchdown was successfully held by Brookline until she could punt the ball in to safety.

The line-up:

HOPKINSON.		BROOKLINE.	
Hall	L. E.	Thompson (Lincoln)	R. E.
Jewett	L. T.	Cook	R. T.
Davis	L. G.	Delano	R. G.
Southard	C.	Bartlett	C.
Sanborn	R. G.	Le Moyne	L. G.
Collner	R. T.	Floyd	L. T.
Whidden	R. E.	Rowley	L. E.
Chase	Q. B.	Talbot	Q. B.
F. Leatherbee	L. H. B.	Wilbor	R. H. B.
Scheuber	R. H. B.	Quigley	L. H. B.
R. Leatherbee	F. B.	Viles	F. B.

INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

TEAMS.	Hoppy	B.L.S.	N.H.S.	B.H.S.	C.L.S.	Won
Hopkinson		1	1	1	1	4
Boston Latin	0		*	1	1	2
Newton High	0	*		1	1	2
Brookline High	0	0	0		1	1
Cambridge Latin	0	0	0	0		0
Games lost	0	1	1	3	4	

* Tie games.

HOPKINSON has clearly proved her right to first position. She has won all her games by good scores and has shown a consistent development from the opening of the season. The team as

now constituted is one of the strongest in recent years, and compares favorably with the best teams of the Senior Interscholastic League. Individually the eleven is a strong one, but its team work is the secret of success. The average weight is above that of the other members of the league, and this advantage has been used to the utmost in mass formations. In Scheuber and the Leatherbee boys the backfield is well taken care of, while at quarter-back, Chase, runs the team with excellent judgment. Good, old-fashioned football has been practiced, and few tricks attempted. In defensive play the team has been less strong, and both Newton High and Boston Latin have been able to make good gains. Her overwhelming strength in offence, however, has counterbalanced this weakness.

Boston Latin has taken a decided slump during the past week, and in neither the Newton nor the Hopkinson game did she come anywhere near her standard of earlier in the season. In the Newton game Boston Latin School started out with a rush, and scored in a very few minutes after play began. After this the play became lifeless, and Newton High came very near being victorious. The weather was anything but favorable to good football, however, and neither team showed up to good advantage. In the Hopkinson, Boston Latin School started in very poorly, and allowed their opponents to score in a comparatively few plays after the kick-off, without once holding for downs. The team then braced and scored on Hopkinson, but after this were never dangerous. Boston Latin will meet English High School on Thanksgiving Day and all efforts will be devoted to getting the men in shape for this contest.

Newton High, like Boston Latin, had the easiest part of her schedule first, and failed to come up to expectations in the concluding games. Newton's work against Hopkinson showed clearly that she was outclassed, but in the game with Boston Latin School considerable improvement was shown. Newton's backfield was her strongest point, and Skelton's individual work was accountable for much of the success of the team. The showing made by the team is a creditable one. Brookline High and Cambridge Latin have played only a small part in the league.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE SAGAMORE

Published throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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	One Issue.	*Whole Year.*	BACK PAGE. *One Issue.*	*Whole Year.*
1/8 page	$ .50	$3.50	$ .60	$4.00
1/4 "	1.00	7.00	1.25	8.00
1/2 "	2.00	14.00	2.50	16.00
1 "	4.00	25.00	5.00	30.00

COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Florence M. Judd, 157 Winthrop Road, Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the middle of the preceding month; Rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, fifty cents a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Subscription Manager, Robert E. Blakeslee, Summitt Ave., Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

EDITORIALS.

Mr. Brooks' Cyrano class, held on Wednesday afternoons, is a great benefit to many of the French scholars of the high school. It gives them an excellent opportunity, not only to improve their French but also to become acquainted with one of the most noted French plays now before the public. A large number are interested in the class and look forward with much pleasure to the time when they may see Coquelin and Bernhardt in this play. The members are indeed grateful to Mr. Brooks, who so generously gives up his time, not only in conducting the class but in presenting the play in the most interesting and beneficial manner to its readers.

⚜

When we look over the contributions of the SAGAMORE, we are reminded of the story of the ambitious young writer who inquired by what magazine he could attain a high position in the quickest and easiest manner. He was told, "by a powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article." The majority of the scholars seem to regard the SAGAMORE in just such a light. But the SAGAMORE won't blow you up if you do contribute a good article.

⚜

Mr. Nissen has ordered foils, nominally for the Senior boys, but it is rumored that the other occupants of Room 10 will have the use of them twice a month. We girls of the Senior class are looking forward eagerly to the time when duels shall again be the fashion, when we can establish our beliefs with our strong right arms. To be sure, we are "counting our chickens before they're hatched," for the foils (yes we are awaiting real true foils) have not yet arrived. Many thanks, we say, to Mr. Nissen who has given us something to work for in the future.

⚜

The Girls' Basket Ball team played their first game of the season last Saturday morning with Dedham High School. The girls played with a vim and energy that should characterize the high

school team, and which closed the game with a score of 8—34 in Brookline's favor. As the game was merely a practice game, both teams had the privilege of changing players in the second half, the teams being not yet wholly picked.

Brookline was well represented, there being in all forty-two people present, who as usual had to curl up on the piano, sit in the windows or crowd on the stairs; while visitors from Dedham were especially honored with standing room behind the stall bars. Think of Newton's gymnasium! The receipts of the game are such as to warrant the services of a coach.

Such weather! It may suit the Israelitish clothes venders, who hang out an umbrella and a linen duster, an overcoat and a fan in close juxtaposition ready for whatever weather may happen along; but rain in the latter part of November is not endorsed by those who recall memories of autumns that once were. The bravest of us dislikes wearing his summer clothes skating, and no one likes to stand shivering on the corner wrapped in winter furs, and then find a dandelion peeping up through the grass.

LOCALS.

In the Hall the other day, it seemed as if some of the boys were so much impressed by the "Quietude of Night" that they were almost "Hushed to Rest."

We all sincerely hope that, if any of these songs are sung in public, "Anchored" may be encored.

Short Chemistry Lesson:

Cu = Copper.—To be carefully avoided by bad boys.

Overheard at 1.35:

Teacher.—If you had only Bynner good boy, there would have been none of this trouble.

The members of German I. evidently thought that they were up against the Riehl thing when they started to read "Der Fluch der Schönheit."

We people of Brookline hear quite a little about Coolidge's Corner. In fact, Coolidge did seem to have quite a corner on the complimentary football tickets.

Some time ago, a well-known, well-dressed young gentleman, wearing a black opera hat, kid gloves and a dark suit of clothes, was seen walking up the middle of Beacon Street, evidently because the sidewalk did not suit him, and carrying an open umbrella, supposedly to protect his complexion from the sun. He excited no little comment when he announced that he was setting out for the Klondike.

The Difference.—Down in the gymnasium one day, a boy lost his balance and HE fell on the floor. Up in the physics laboratory a boy lost his balance and IT fell on the floor. Where would you rather lose your balance?

Philadelphia is called a "city of homes" but Room 10 is surely a room of Holmes.

The leading lights of the Cyrano class are quite necessary as it gets dark very early now.

News Note:

The other day, our well-known friend, Mr. R. E. Blake—e was seen leaning over the bar in Room 10.

NOW AND THEN.

She may dress in silk, or dress in satin,
May know the languages, Greek and Latin,
May know fine art, may love and sigh—
But she ain't no good if she can't make pie.

*

Nothing to breathe but air—
  Quick as a flash 'tis gone—
Nowhere to fall but off,
  Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to sing but songs;
  Ah, well, alas! and alack!
Nowhere to go but out;
  Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights;
  Nothing to quench but thirst;
Nothing to have but what we've got,—
  Thus through our lives we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait—
  Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
  Can ever withstand these woes.

—*Ben King.*

GOT WHAT HE WANTED.

Col. Frisco.—"Tut, tut! What's this, Mr. Yonsen, going to vote for Bryan?"

Ole Yonsen.—"Ya; a ban vote for Mr. Bryan four y'ar ago, and a got full danner pail. So a tank a ban goin' vote fer 'um again. —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

When is a fly not a fly? When a spider spider.

"Advertising for a wife," says a contemporary, "is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella."

SCIENCE NOTES.

THOSE who read the *Scientific American* for November 10 saw there a very interesting article upon a "Four-Day Ocean Liner." It was worked out that, with the forms of engines and boilers used in the twenty-three knot "Deutschland," the four-day liner would be 930 feet long, 87 feet wide, and draw 30 feet of water, displacing 40,000 tons. When it is remembered that our battleship, "Massachusetts," displaces but 10,000 tons, some idea of the size can be obtained. To drive this enormous bulk through the water at a speed of 30 knots an hour, engines of 110,000 horse power, and forty-four double-ended boilers would be required. If driven by triple screws there would be 37,000 horse power on each shaft. As the twin-screw "Deutschland" has 18,500 horse power on each shaft, one can readily understand the problem before the engine builder. To feed these ravenous boilers would require 1,710 tons of coal to be fed into 352 furnaces each day. It would cost $38,000 for the 9,500 tons of coal required for each trip across the Atlantic. So great a space of the ship's hold would be taken up with engines and boilers that no cargo at all could be carried, and the total cost of $80,000 for each passage would have to be met by passenger fares and revenues from the mails. Such a vessel would cost in the vicinity of $6,200,000 and would carry a crew of 750 men and could accommodate 1,500 passengers.

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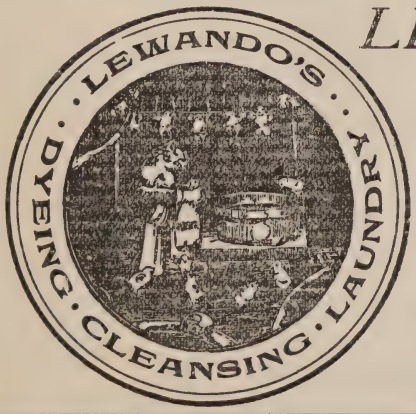

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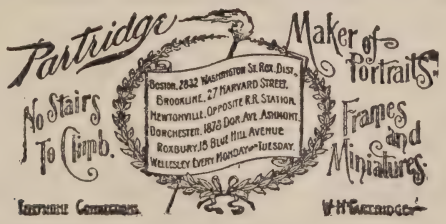

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River. — WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 7 JANUARY, 1901 NUMBER 3

THREE GENERATIONS.

The Daughter.

IN a handsome house in a wealthy suburb of ——, lived a tall young girl whose most striking feature was a pair of large gray eyes. Just now this person stood on the top of the piazza steps and surveyed the world with discontented face. She was very beautiful as she stood outlined against the dark stone, a pretty girlish figure in a dainty gown. But Marie Parker, whose christened name was Mary Hutchinson Butterworth Parker, was feeling very ill-used. The whole day had gone wrong. "Birthdays always were horrid anyway, and this eighteenth anniversary was worse than any before."

There was a deep scowl on Marie's pretty forehead as she thought over all the troubles of the day. In the first place, she was getting too old to be kissed so much; of course, she did not mind having her mother kiss her once in the morning, but when it came to eighteen times and having her father and brothers go the round, it was too much. In the second place, there was that stupid coachman who had said that her horse was too lame to ride, when he knew she had planned to have such a good time. But she had had to play golf instead, and the sun was so hot and it had taken her longer than usual to get around the links. "Yes," she thought with deep self-pity, "I believe the only time I've laughed to-day was when 'Gran' was telling me about her eighteenth birthday and how she drove the cows home. And then she said John came to supper." Marie's face began to brighten and the color rushed into her cheeks.

"Isn't it funny that his name is John, too,—Jack! He's coming to dinner and then he's going to beat me a game of billiards." Her face broke into a smile. "I don't believe he can beat, but—I don't much care if he does."

Jack, '01.

The End.

A FALSE ALARM.

(A true story of the Civil War as told by a veteran.)

IT was in the middle of June in 1863 when one day General Schenck summoned me to his headquarters in Baltimore. At that time I was in command of a picket line which ran from Point of Rocks on the Potomac to Havre de Grace on the Susquehanna River. This line was about twenty miles north and west of the city of Baltimore, which city its duty was to protect from a sudden raid of rebel cavalry. The rebels were then north of Maryland in the vicinity of Gettysburg, and it was just before the great battle which was the turning point of the war.

"Captain A——," said the general to me, "I want you to establish a line of signal stations between this city and your picket line, so that the city of Baltimore may be forewarned of any attack which a band of rebels might make."

"But, General Schenck," I said, "I know nothing of signaling, and I never had any experience in—".

"That don't make any difference," he replied. "I want a man who knows something and can do something. I will give you *carte blanche* to buy anything you want in the line of supplies and to detail as many men from the forts as you may need."

So I was to establish a signal line and I knew not how to do it. But I purchased a supply of flags and field glasses and started with the Washington monument (which is about as high as Bunker Hill monument) as station one. Looking around I saw a large white house about three miles out in the suburbs of the city. I left a man

on the monument and rode out to this house. Here was station two. From this house we located another place for a station, and so in a couple of days I had a line established from house to house and from house to hilltop over the whole twenty miles.

In the meantime, I had devised three simple signals which were as follows: three wags of the flag to the right, all quiet; three wags to the left, the enemy has attacked the picket line; and waving the flag back and forth was to mean, enemy has attacked pickets in force and is moving on towards the city. For night signals we had colored rockets, such as are used in the navy, — a red one for signal one, a white one for signal two, and a blue one for signal three.

About a week after I had the system in running order, a large body of rebel cavalry rode through the town of Westminster, which was one of the outposts of our picket line, occupied by a few New Jersey pickets. These men were driven back, but the rebel cavalry had other business on hand, and paid no attention to the terribly frightened men who flew from them and ran back to the last signal station on my line. The man who had charge of the station tried to stop them, but no! four or five thousand rebels were coming post haste after them, and the officer of the Jersey troops galloped panic stricken for all he was worth, riding down several horses on the way, into the city of Baltimore, bearing the news that the rebels were coming. But my officer had already sent in the signal "enemy has attacked pickets" but nothing more. Of course, when this flying and panic-stricken officer rode in, there was some division of opinion as to what had actually happened. But I assured the general that if the rebels were coming we should certainly have been informed of it through the stations. Then I went back to the top of the monument and watched for further signals.

I watched in vain, while the twilight came on apace. Suddenly as I was looking down the line with my glasses, a great blue rocket shot up into the air, then another a little nearer,—and another,—and another,—each nearer than the last,—blue rockets—"enemy has attacked pickets in force and is advancing towards the city!"

And then I went down those stairs in about as quick time as it ever was done, jumped on my horse and rode to headquarters. "General Schenck," I reported, "I have just received word that the

enemy has attacked the pickets in force and is advancing on the city."

In less time than it takes to tell it, the whole city was in an uproar, all the troops were put in arms, the home guards were turned out. The fortifications were manned, and the women made hot drinks for the men who had filled the street barricades.

By this time it was late in the evening and pitch dark, but I took a few men and started on the long ride down the line to find out for certain what had happened and what was going to happen. I had ridden but two or three miles when,—"Halt, who goes there!" came hurtling through the darkness. It was the men of my first station outside the city who were guarding the road; and so on, all down the twenty miles of the line, at each station I was challenged and obliged to give the countersign. Everything was as quiet and peaceful as could be. When I reached the last station, the one that had sent up the blue rocket, it was as the first, no rebels anywhere in sight. Upon my demanding of the officer in charge why the blue rocket had been sent up he told the following story:

"When the Jersey pickets were driven in, I sent into the city the signal 'enemy has attacked the pickets,' and immediately I went with a scouting party to see whether the rebels were advancing. We rode way into Westminster without seeing a single rebel. There we found that a large body of rebel cavalry had passed through the town a short time before and had long since gone off in another direction. It was dark by the time we got back here, and I, knowing that Baltimore would be alarmed by that picket officer, who was so frightened and rode into the city in such haste and with such news, decided to send up a red rocket (all quiet) to calm your fears. So I took from the box a rocket which was marked *red*, but when I had lighted it, it shot up and burst, leaving a trail of blue fire behind it! I guess I was then as much frightened as you. I didn't dare trust to the marking and send up another, for if that had burned blue it would have doubled your fears. That, sir, is all I have to report."

So that was all. The rebels had gone, and the city of Baltimore was lying awake, fearful, armed to the teeth, waiting an attack which was not to be made. Of course I sent back word that the

enemy was not coming, but word could not reach the city before morning, and to this day I don't believe that one of those men that lay in the trenches all night awaiting the attack knows how it happened that the alarm was given.

I had another interesting adventure that night, but that is "another story," as Kipling says.

R. E. B., 1901.

A COLORADO RIDE.

(A True Story.)

"YOU better not drive them horses to-day, Jim," remarked the stableman at McKoy's ranch to "Jim" Stafford, the big, good-natured stage driver, as the latter was hitching a team of small, wicked-looking horses to the stage-coach in which we were to travel the remaining forty miles of our journey. "They ain't been out for over a month and are wicked as the Old Harry," he added, by way of explanation.

"Guess I've handled mean un's before to-day," growled Jim, as he buckled the last strap, swung himself into his high seat, and caught up the reins. "Git in," he said, turning to the passengers. In we got and soon were clattering down the rocky road that led to our destination, accompanied by a young cowboy on horseback, who was going with us for twenty or thirty miles "just for the fun of the thing" as he put it.

We had been traveling for several days and consequently were rather tired and soon after we left the ranch we were all cuddled up in different corners trying to get a nap, though I am afraid most of us had but poor success; for a stage-coach bumping over a rocky western road is, to say the very least, not a Pullman.

There were five in our party—my mother, her maid, my two brothers, and myself—and besides these, there was a rather stout young doctor, who was off for his summer vacation with guns and fishing tackle, and an old ranchman and his wife who were returning from Denver. Six of us sat inside, but the old ranchman and

my eldest brother, Harry, had to sit outside with the driver, for the capacity of the coach was limited.

About ten o'clock we came to a high mountain and as the stage had to go very slowly up here we all went to sleep; at least, I know I did, for the next thing I remember is hearing a loud shout from outside, feeling the stage rocking from side to side, and seeing the trees going by at a terrific rate. I don't think any of us realized at first that the horses were running away down the steep mountain road, but we soon understood the situation. Faster and faster went the horses, the coach reeling from side to side, sometimes on two wheels, sometimes on four.

As we neared a sharp bend in the road, I saw the ranchman suddenly leap to his feet, pick up my ten-year-old brother as if he were a bale of hay and hurl him as far from the side of the coach as he could. A moment later he jumped after him and both rolled over and over on the ground, but we swept by so quickly that it was impossible to tell whether they were hurt or not.

A minute later we went over with a crash as the frightened horses tried to turn the curve in the road; and the cowboy, who had been riding behind us, dashed up and cut the traces, allowing the horses to continue their mad flight down the road.

Luckily the accident happened near a ranch house, and five minutes later four sturdy men rode up to see where the galloping horses had come from that they had seen dashing by the house. Soon they righted the stage and extricated us from our uncomfortable position. One by one we crawled out and felt ourselves to see if we had any bones broken, and all the passengers found that beyond a few bruises they were all right. Jim Stafford was found under the stage, unconscious, and immediately a call was made for the doctor. He was found in the stage looking for his baggage and refused to even look at the driver till he had found all his guns and fishing tackle. When he did look at him, he found the driver to be seriously injured and told the men to carry him down to the house. Two men went back to look for my brother and the ranchman, while the rest went down to the house. Just around the bend they met the two, who were calmly walking down the road as if nothing had happened.

We continued our trip that afternoon, leaving Stafford at the house to be cared for. He never regained consciousness, however, and died three days later; and he was buried by the side of the road near the ranch house. A wooden fence surrounds the mound at the head of which is a plain wooden slab on which is written:

James Stafford,
Born 1841,
Died July 6, 1893.
"He died at his post."

L. W. P., 1903.

SOME OF MY EXPERIENCES IN A DRUG STORE.

WHEN I started to work in a drug store I supposed, and correctly, that I should have rather an easy time of it, but I found that this business, like all others, has its trying phases. Some people seem to think that a drug store is anything from a junk shop to a department store, and that the clerks are walking time-tables, postal clerks and mind readers. On the other hand, it has some amusing phases.

One day this past summer was a typical one. While I was wondering whether my day off would be cloudy or pleasant, the entrance of a youngster interrupted my thoughts. When I asked him what he wanted, he said that he wanted to sell me some bottles. After having directed him to the nearest junk shop, I was just on the point of going into dreamland, when two little girls asked me if I had oranges for sale. The girls had no sooner left than a man came rushing in and wanted to know what time the next train left for Newton. I looked it up in the time-table and started to tell him the time, but I found, on looking up, that I was speaking to a retreating figure. I looked to see what was the cause of his haste, and saw him board a Newton Boulevard car. In the afternoon a young boy came in and wanted some needles and thread. Another youngster wanted "Five cents' wort of syrup of scills, and a few drops of wine ipetact trou it."

The evening is generally the most annoying part of the day. When the business is pretty brisk a woman will almost always come rushing in, flourish a ten-dollar bill and say in a sweet tone, "Will you oblige me with a two-cent stamp?" The woman who breaks the last straw is the one who wants fifty stamps, and, when she is informed that we carry only fifty at the most, shows that she thinks that we are "real mean." The one amusing incident of the day was when a man, half seas over, came stumbling in. He informed me that he desired a private talk. All was well till he reached the end of the store, where there is a mirror, through which he tried to walk. I went up to him to find his trouble and he told me that that fellow, pointing to his shadow, would not let him by. I managed to get him down to the front of the store and served him with a bromo seltzer. After he had drank this, he departed.

I happened to look at the clock and perceived that it was eleven o'clock; and my day's work was over.

J. F., '01.

CHILDREN DANCING TO AN ORGAN.

I HEAR the ring of the street organ and the patter of tiny feet; glancing up I see a group of little tots dancing and shouting around the organ. The musician is a jolly Italian, with merry eyes. He has a bright-colored handkerchief around his neck, and his garments are much tattered. The grinder starts a lively tune and the children start in to dance with fresh vigor. Older persons hearing the music and laughter glance out of the window, and the bright faces and merry laughter of the children make them wish they were young and could join in with the children. When the little ones have danced until they are tired, the musician holds out his hat to receive the pennies which are dropped from willing hands. The old man slings the organ over his back and walks away with a happy face, while the children who never tire of his songs, look regretfully after him.

N. F., '04.

HOW NICE!

HOW very nice it must be to sit at a desk and read over compositions—much nicer than writing them, at any rate. Some of the essays must be interesting, but I suppose many are terrible—like this one. But then, think of the poor fellow who has spent an hour or so trying to write it! This does not imply that I have spent an hour doing this, but I am sure that the hours will fly by before I think of what I want to say next.

Last evening I was sitting at my desk, reading my compositions which had been handed back. This is what led me to realize how nice it was to read over compositions. What pleasure it is for a hard worker to find an "H" on his paper! Alas! There were no "H's" on my paper. It must be a pleasure to give an "H," for "It is better to give than to receive."

Again I say, it must be great fun to read over compositions. Think of the pleasure of marking a big "D" on some uninteresting paper! Think of the poor unfortunate one who gets the "D"! Think of the expression on his face as he reads the note under the "D"! O, those notes! Many a tear they cause. These little notes contain some very good advice, but sometimes they are rather harsh. They would form a nice little book of advices. I think I shall have a collection—for I have quite a few notes—printed and bound for future use.

Sometimes under the notes there is another word: "Re-write." This seems to me to be a sure proof that it is enjoyable to read compositions.

In this writing (I know nothing else to call it!) I hope there is nothing which will not be taken in good will. Then again, I hope that under the little note I shall not find that disappointing word "Re-write."

R. V. B., '01.

NEWS NOTES.

Gilbert Pierce, B. H. S., '97, has just received a scholarship at Harvard. Scholarships used to be given to needy students only, but now they are given to all who merit them.

Hurrah for the new Manual Training building. One thousand dollars was appropriated for it at the last town meeting. It will be located between the swimming tank and the railroad station.

Several members of the debating club accompanied Mr. Sandford to the Harvard-Yale debate.

Miss Johnson sometimes requests impossibilities. This was lately posted on the board in Room 19: "Third B. English please bring Hawthorne and Cooper to school Monday."

The third class technicals have just started welding at the shop. They are all members of the chain gang, as each one is making a chain.

One of the fathers was heard to remark: "If I had a card like that I would lie awake nights over it," but it didn't seem to trouble his son much.

Did your card astonish you? No one seemed to be agreeably surprised. Several were heard to remark that their card was a "roast."

Harvard has just advertised for a thousand cats at fifty cents each. If your cat is missing you will know where it is.

One of the members of the eleven is so used to wiggling around in school that he couldn't sit still long enough to have his picture taken. His picture, as it hangs in the lower corridor, will be an everlasting warning to wigglers.

Great bargain sale at the lunch counter.

The bins of the high school were lately filled with coal. N. B.—The coal was not put in by the Coleman in Room 10.

This number of THE SAGAMORE illustrates the saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Didn't Burr make a fine cop.

One of the German teachers recently requested one of her scholars to begin translating at "birds have feathers on page 10." If birds have feathers on page 10, we would like to know what they have on page 11.

We shall have to behave well now as we have a policeman in the school all the time.

Too bad the school committee couldn't give us a full two weeks' vacation.

It may be of interest to some of those who burn midnight oil over the Æneid to know that on his death-bed, Virgil desired that the poem should be burned. It was Augustus who prevented the sacrifice of the work, so, when some passage is troublesome do not blame Virgil; he would have spared you.

One of the teachers asked a worthy German Junior to decline the word "fool" and then said innocently, "Where does it belong?"

The delicate ears of some of the Senior girls are much offended by the tones of the gymnasium piano. They humbly wish the instrument might be tuned. The desire for a new piano does not venture to enter their modest minds.

Karl, the German proprietor of a grocery and provision store, said to his friend Fritz: "I have as good a title as Karl of Germany had. He was 'Karl der Grosse' but I am Karl der grocer, too."

The I German class expresses the fervent wish that "Karl, der Grosse" had been "Karl, der Kleine," and then they wouldn't have written a whole book about him.

The members of College English are indeed becoming acquainted with most elegant English phrases. Why, one young man the other day spoke of the members of parliament as "the orange-suckers."

Woe, woe to him of the second class who attempts to bring luncheon from home? His hungry classmates immediately fall upon him and rob him of his daily bread, earned with such great labor!

"Æneas ordered them to carry their trunks." Saratogas, no doubt, or perhaps they might have been dress-suit cases.

The members of Second Latin A are especially proficient in translating the Æneid ingeniously. One of the fellows translated in this manner the other day: "The Trojans filled up on old wine." I wonder how Æneas and his companions would relish the insinuation. Another particularly brilliant fellow translated "rumpit vocem," "he broke his voice." Had Calchas been singing at the time, this probably would have been very natural, but unfortunately Virgil tells us that he merely destined Simon for the altar.

S—y B—r has been advised by his family physician to give up studying so much, as he is rapidly losing flesh.

A meeting of the debating club was held December 5, at which Charles Floyd sustained the affirmative, and Dana Sylvester the negative, of the question, "Resolved, That immigration into the United States be restricted." The general debate following was particularly lively and interesting.

The question for December 19 was, "Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine is the best foreign policy that the United States can adopt."

Did you notice that after the Hopkinson game nearly all the members of the football team appeared with fresh-shorn locks? An unfeeling villain has suggested that perhaps some tonsorial artist gives reduced rates to large parties.

Pritchet is having hard luck. Two broken collar bones in two months is a bad record.

The school is certainly improving. A member of the second class donned long trousers for the first time the other day, and yet there was not the least disturbance.

Wanted:—New members for the debating club!

APROPOS OF MANY THINGS.

IT was a maxim of Captain Swosser's," said Mrs. Badger, "speaking in his figurative, naval manner, that 'when you make pitch hot, you cannot make it too hot. And that if you are only going to swab a plank, you should swab it as if Davy Jones were after you.'"

SIG. MARCONI has mastered his mast difficulty," said one of his staff to a "Daily Express" representative yesterday. He added: "According to reasonable calculations, we shall have America and Great Britain upon speaking terms before the first Christmas of the new century."

To make this statement, however, was a very different thing from making known Sig. Marconi's secret. In general terms, though, the basis of his triumph may be indicated to a small degree. Wires must be used, one at either end, and about two hundred feet long, called antennæ, or feelers.

This is obviously not a costly expedient; but the new fact that obviates the need for masts as high as Snowden is the discovery of means of changing the air waves. Sig. Marconi's infinite capacity for taking pains has enabled him to construct apparatus whereby he can lengthen the air waves to an almost unlimited extent. Furthermore, by the same ingenious device, sound will be made to travel close to the surface of the ocean over the whole distance, thus circumventing the dreaded difficulty presented by the curvature of the earth. Hence the mast erected at Southampton and on Long Island need not, it is now contended, be higher than the roof of any sky-scraper.

"All this seems of vast importance to the commercial world," remarked the "Daily Express" reporter.

"What it undoubtedly means is that submarine cables will be superseded," was the reply, "and communication established at a hundredth-thousandth part of the cost."— *Boston Herald.*

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SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, fifty cents a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Subscription Manager, Robert E. Blakeslee, Summitt Ave., Brookline.

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EDITORIALS.

Here it is. You have been looking for something about the lunch counter. Well, this is the gist of it. Mr. Sanford placed the matter of the lunch counter before the Senior Class, saying that every one who had attempted to run it had failed, and that it remained for the Senior Class of the high school to rescue that valuable adjunct of the institution from destruction. A committee of three was appointed; Lillian Phillips, Charles Rowley, and Robert Blakeslee, to take the matter in hand and to see what could be done. This committee has obtained its supplies from one of the bakers in the village and supplied a lunch to the school for the three weeks between Thanksgiving and New Years. They hope to be able to keep the counter running in the lower corridor until summer. It is hardly necessary to say that a success is being made of it, and that money has been laid up for the proverbial "rainy day." The proceeds are to be devoted to school institutions which are in financial distress.

⚜

On Friday evening, December 14, the Harvard Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Club gave a concert in Shailer Hall under the auspices of the Brookline High School Alumni Association. The concert was followed by dancing. Payson Dana, '99, is singing with the Glee Club; and Walter Parker, '97; Gilbert Pierce, '97; Dean James, '99; Carroll Perkins, '99, and Willard Tuckerman, 1900, are playing in the Mandolin Club.

⚜

Miss Marion Louise Sharp, Smith, 1901, B. H. S., 1897, has won the Furniss prize of fifty dollars for the best Shakespeare essay. The assigned subject was "Plain People of Shakespeare." It will be remembered that Miss Sharp wrote the "J. Murray Kay" prize essay in 1897. Her subject then was, "Three Glimpses of Brookline, in 1700, 1800, and 1900." This essay has been printed by the Brookline Historical Publication Society," and may be found in number eleven of their series of publications.

The "I Latin A" class missed Miss Frost during her long absence. With Harry Nesbett as teacher, the class did its best to carry on recitations in good order. The spirit of good will and co-operation was noticeable. Advanced lessons were given out daily by Mr. Nesbett and all conscientiously learned them. The knowledge that Miss Frost fully trusted the class and the fear of being unworthy of that trust is what brought about the good behavior; a mere sense of duty could never have done it.

LOCALS.

"It's a l'eau trick," exclaimed the Frenchman, in broken English, when they turned the hose on him.—F. W. W.

The Coleman is in great demand.

People say that in order to succeed, one must have a strong constitution. According to this, the Athletic Association should get along splendidly.

How many of us received low marks last quarter on account of number 10 in the "Causes of Failure?"

French Lesson: A very mysterious French word, difficult to analyze—"hachis." Look it up.

One of our teachers says that in judging distances on the ocean most people are all at sea.

Talk about the power of application! When Burr starts at anything, he sticks to it.

People say that the Brookline post office is not exactly on the "Square."

Brookline High School's nobility consists of two people: Miss Lord and Mr. Roberts; to put it briefly, "Lord Roberts."

Intended for a dog by the name of Spot,—"Out, thou damned Spot! out, I say!"—("Macbeth.")

Hard lines—We all hear Flint spoken of as a rather tough article.

When they were small, some of the boys used to wade in brooks and they liked it; but during the past few months, some of them were used to having Brooks wade into them and they didn't like it.

WANTED—at the lunch counter, a boy to butter rolls fourteen years old.

The other day when it stormed, the weather man's morning report was that it would clear off. It was surely a case of "clear off," but it was with the weather man and not with the weather.

A very instructive edition of the "Scientific American"—Mr. Packard.

Every one in Room 10 is permeated by the gentle warmth from N—b—t's stockings.

In this country, every man is a Freeman, also a girl in Room 10.

Some of the boys of the Physics class became especially interested when Mr. Packard said that the laws of the reflection of light from a surface could be applied equally well to the rebound of a billiard ball from the cushion.

What is worse than "raining pitch forks?" Hailing brown Reservoir cars.

Those in Class III that take algebra have quite a lot to do with roots and Powers.

She—"Who is that boy over there?"
He—"O, 'tis Wilbor."

The old maxim says that "if you take care of the cents, the dollars will take care of themselves." This seems to apply quite well to the *Barn*dollars who generally land "heads up."

Astronomers tell us stars are suns just as the Starr of Class III is a son.

Several of our last year's schoolmates seem to have turned into Stone's.

They say that a certain boy of the second class has Webb feet. He surely hasn't anyone else's feet.

AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE OF MR. LOWELL.

AN amusing experience of James Russell Lowell is told. While serving as American minister at Madrid, Mr. Lowell, in full-dress, went to the palace at Madrid to attend a reception of the King. Upon alighting from his carriage, he saw preceding him a minister from one of the smallest Spanish-American republics. The latter was gorgeously arrayed in court uniform, and as he ascended the stairway, each of the halberdiers stationed at every landing saluted him by a whack of his battle-axe on the marble floor. As Mr. Lowell followed, however, he received no recognition. At each landing his patriotic indignation increased, until finally he turned and accosted one of the mighty halberdiers in Spanish: "Do you know who I am?" The warrior replied negatively. "Well," shouted Mr. Lowell, "I am the minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America, the greatest country on the globe, and if hereafter you do not whack for me, I will forget you at Christmas."

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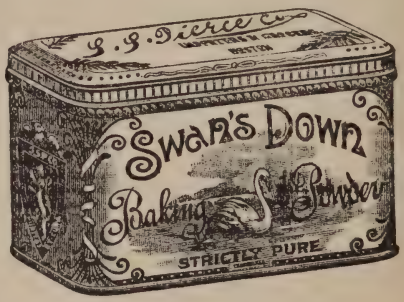

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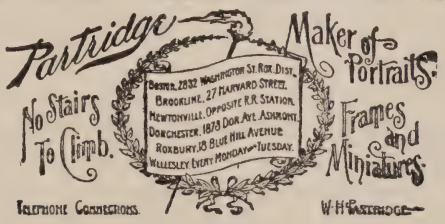

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THE SAGAMORE

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River. — WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 7 FEBRUARY, 1901 NUMBER 4

NORWAY.

THE Land of the Midnight Sun is the land where in the winter months no sun at all is seen. For weeks there is only twilight, but for a few hours in the middle of the day the brilliant northern lights make it possible to do business without the aid of artificial light.

As if to make amends, however, for two whole months in the summer the sun never sets; and to see this beautiful sight — this deep red midnight sun, throwing its purple light on the mystic fjords with their high snow-covered mountains, interspersed with icy glaciers on the one hand, and, on the other, lovely green gardens and fields, where the people are busy working and the cattle quietly feeding — for this sight, thousands and thousands of tourists are visiting this country every summer. Americans, Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen all come to do homage to this masterpiece of nature.

The usual route of travel is by steamer to Bergen, entering the country through the deep, narrow fjords, which often cut into the mainland for a hundred miles. These fjords are encompassed by high, steep mountains, from which enormous streams rush down, often to lose themselves in water-dust before they reach the fjord below.

From Bergen the tourist generally proceeds to Molde, the most beautiful city in the north of Europe, at the foot of Romsdalen, then to Throndhjem, (former Nidaros), the old capital of Norway; this is the heart of the country from which Norway's sturdy life has flowed for centuries, and which to this day is peopled by a strong and vigorous race.

But so far, no midnight sun has been seen — the sun in Throndhjem rising about 2 a. m., and setting near 10 p. m., but the brilliant purple sky makes reading easy all night long. A few days more and we are in Tromso, and the grand scene is before us. Night comes, but the sun lingers low in the horizon red as fire No thought of sleep on such a night!

Again the tourist goes on, till Nordkap is reached, a steep, abrupt mountain, a thousand feet high, seemingly lifted from the depths of the ocean. Here tourists and sailors go on land, and an exciting race to the top of the mountain is soon started. Then see — beneath you, beyond, as far as eye can reach, lies the vast ocean with the big red sun reflecting on its surface, millions of seabirds in the distance, the big steamboat a speck far below — an awe-inspiring silence over all. Here at last nature seems at rest. No lifetime can ever efface that scene.

In returning many of the tourists take the train from Throndhjem to Christiania, others go by "Karjol" from Molde or Bergen to Christiania, a method of traveling which gives the best view of country and people. The roads are excellent and the scenery grand, which makes the travel by bicycle a delight.

In Christiania, the capital, in the dark winter days the sun rises about 9 a. m., and sets about 2:30 p. m. One might think that the people would sleep most of the time. Far from it — all the schools open at 8 a. m. and close at 2 p. m., every day (except Sunday); the stores open between 7 and 8 and do not close till nearly eight in the evening; the theatres, cafes, etc., are generally crowded till midnight. Between 3 and 6 p. m. the big skating places at the fjord, or elsewhere, are crowded, the whole illuminated by hundreds of gas and electric lights.

In the winter time at twilight and on moonlight nights, and all day Sunday and holidays, the streets leading to the country are full of people, old and young, rich and poor, on *skis;* ski and skating being the great national sports. And sport it is, in its real meaning — sound, healthy, out-door exercise, bringing every nerve and muscle into vigorous action, and in which every person takes active part — not so-called "sport," where thousands of people are looking on (and even betting to try to make it more exciting) while a dozen

or two students are the actors, and in rough games are possibly injuring each other for life — but sport, where the thousands are the actors themselves.

So-called "sport services" are held in the churches early Sunday mornings, and it is a grand sight to see the stream of people, in their picturesque clothing and their skis on their shoulders, on their way to the churches, where the skis are placed in stalls outside, while the people attend the service and, when it is over put the skis on their feet and continue their journey to the country, where they enjoy themselves till their stomachs ring the first dinner bell.

There is not a boy or girl in Norway eight or nine years old who has not a pair of skis and skates, and their parents are able and willing to go with them. And, more, you might search the country over for a child of the same age who cannot swim and row. Every boy of twelve also has his own gun; yes, and can handle it well.

Although some of the champion skaters of the world have come from Norway, the ski sport is the most national, and by far the best of all sports. They are used for going long distances, both up and down hill, but it is in running down hill, with great leaps, where the most skill and nerve is shown; these leaps are frequently from sixty to ninety feet, and made without a break in the onward course. It was on skis that Dr. Nansen and his followers were able to cross Greenland from the east to the west about twelve years ago, and it was on skis that Nansen and Johansen left the "Fram" in March, 1895, at 83 degrees north to search for the North Pole, and came farther north than any one yet, viz: 86 deg. 13 min. north.

Dr. Nansen was one of my first pupils in physical training. I hope that Brookline youths may be as good sportsmen and athletes as he.

HARTVIG NISSEN.

After Victoria but one actually ruling queen remains — Wilhelmina of Holland. Of seventy-four heads of governments in the world twenty-two are presidents, fifteen are kings and six are emperors.

ALFRED TENNYSON'S LINES "TO THE QUEEN."

"Revered, beloved — O you that hold
A nobler office upon earth
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth,
Could give the warrior kings of old — "

These lines to Queen Victoria will rise spontaneously to the lips not only of her own devoted subjects, but also to the lips of countless thousands whose allegiance is elsewhere, yet who love and honor her very deeply.

"May children of our children say:
She wrought her people lasting good.
Her court was pure; her life serene;
God give her peace — "

A ROMANCE BY THE SEA.

Osterville, August, 1900.

The moon shone bright that pleasant night,
As we sat by the shore,
And watched the bathers on the pier,
Prepared for one swim more.
There was a beautiful young girl,
With jaunty suit of red;
Upon her face a daring look,
A bright scarf round her head.
And now her friends dive one by one;
Outlined against the sky,
She stands alone upon the pier,
Because she dare not try.
"Come Bess, let's see you dive," they call,
The "dare" look leaves her face:
She tiptoes to the edge, and peers

Into that watery space.
She shudders at the very thought;
She "never, never" could:
In vain, a youth explains to her,
She could dive if she would.
She takes another little step;
She clasps her hands with fright;
"Oh Jack, the water's cold," she cries,
"It looks so black at night.
Supposing I should hit my head;
Supposing I should drown;
I'd never reach the top again,
If I should once go down."
"Come Bess, don't be a jay," he says,
"It's simple as can be,
Just bend right over and fall in,
And I'll stay right here. See?"
Behold! the martyr lifts her hands;
Then makes the daring leap;
A scream, a dash, a thud, a splash;
And Bess is in the deep.
One moment only,—up she comes
And bravely tries to swim,
But all in vain; then filled with fear,
She promptly summons him.
And now her Jack is at her side,
To reassure his Bess.
"Just lean on me, dear, keep quite still,
And you're all safe, I guess."
Her little arms are around his neck;
He paddles to the land,
And sits the frightened maiden down,
Quite safe upon the sand.
"Oh, dearest Jack," she faintly gasps;
And in reply, he kissed her;
Then much subdued we turned away ——
She was Jack's own darling sister.

Washington, D. C., December 1, 1900.

A REPORT conveying further information as to the proposed tunnel from Europe to Africa under the Strait of Gibraltar has been received by the State Department from Mr. George H. Murphy, consular clerk at Madgeburg, Germany.

Mr. Berlier, the French engineer, who has submitted the proposal of this project to the governments of Spain and Morocco, is said to have perfect confidence in the feasibility of the plan, holding that it presents no greater obstacles than were encountered in the building of the tunnels of Mont Cenis, St. Gotthard and Arlberg. By working simultaneously from both ends of the tunnel, he believes the date of completion could be safely placed at 1907.

The proposed length of the tunnel is twenty-five miles, twenty miles of this under the sea.

The cost of the tunnel alone is approximated at over $23,000,000, and of the entire connecting railway lines between Spain and Algiers at about $43,500,000.

The French press is said to criticise the project unfavorably on the ground that Mr. Berlier has overestimated the earning power of the road, and it seems hardly credible that the passenger and freight traffic between France and Algiers could be diverted to this indirect and expensive route.—Boston Herald.

CONCERNING A SELF-COMPLACENT YOUNG LADY.

SHE was called conceited, but she was rather proud of this appellation, for on looking it up, she found that its first meaning was "witty and ingenious." She thought herself remarkably witty, and in order to have other people agree with her, she carefully studied the jokes in "Life" and the "Youth's Companion," and told them as if they were her own.

She first discovered that she was witty when she was but three years old. She was taken to the Congregational church one Sunday, and at dinner a visitor asked her to what church she had gone that day. She said, "I went to the come-occasional church." The people at the table laughed, and so, as she thought it must be very funny she told it whenever occasion offered. When this remarkable young

woman was ten a brilliant friend of her mother received a prize for a funny story which she sent to "Life." Our young friend decided to send one there, too. She wrote up her come-occasional story and that evening said to her assembled family, "I've written my story for 'Life.'" After she had finished reading it they all made fun of her. At last she said, "Well, I guess I won't send it, for if I did it would become common property."

This conceited young person was also (in her own opinion) a social phenomenon. She began her career in society at the tender age of five as a bridesmaid. As she strutted down the aisle she noticed the people all looking in her direction, and when she heard the following remarks, "Oh, isn't she pretty," "Isn't her gown sweet," and "She looks so dainty," she thought that they meant her. After the ceremony she was driven to the photographers to have her picture taken. As she grew older she began to grow awkward and gawky, but she carried this photograph with her, and showed it at every possible chance with "This is the way I used to look, but I'm passing through the homely age just now, and I'm not so pretty as I was, but I shall be by-and-by. You know you change three times."

One day her mother was sick, and when she was in the room her mamma said, "I should like some consomme." The officious child said, "Oh, I'll make you some right away." A skeptical aunt said, "Sha'n't I help you?" but she was cut short with "Oh, no indeed, I can do it quite well myself, thank you." However, her aunt said, "Well, just tell me how you do it, your receipt may be better than mine." Miss Self-Complacency answered with a mollified air, "Oh, a little oil and a little vineg —" She was interrupted by a roar of laughter, and gave up the idea of making consomme.

When she was fifteen she was very much infatuated with a young gentleman of eighteen or so. She thought she had made a great impression on him, but one day she heard him talking about her — and this is what he said: "She's as stuck on herself as a peacock, and she has no more sense than one. She hasn't a thing to say but I-I-I, and you get so tired of it you don't know what to do. No you don't want to meet her." This set her to thinking, and we'll hope she'll improve. 1903.

TWO SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS.

ELECTRIC POWER CARRIED 153 MILES.

Seattle, Wash., November 17, 1900.

THE Snoqualmie Falls Power Company of this city performed a novel feat in the driving of an electric motor 153 miles distant from the generator. All the transmission lines of the company were connected up in one continuous circuit, commencing at Snoqualmie Falls, running to Seattle, back to the Falls, then to Tacoma and back again to the Falls. The regular transmission is thirty-two miles to Seattle, and forty-four miles to Tacoma. The tests were conducted for experimental purposes only, and to show that electric transmission of power can be made commercially practicable at much greater distances than has heretofore been contemplated.—Boston Post.

A NEW LIQUID AIR PLANT.

In the presence of a large number of stockholders and scientists, Mr. Hans Kundsen, of the Liquid Air, Power & Automobile Company of this city, made at the company's Cambridge factory an entirely successful test of a large liquid air plant, which the company has just completed and sold to a sub-company in London, England. This is the first plant of its kind ever built, and the largest in the world. In addition to manufacturing and selling Liquid Air, the company is manufacturing automobiles with both liquid air and steam as motive power, and has made great practical progress in the liquid air business.—Boston Herald.

REMINISCENCES OF A BOOK.

I WENT down town the other afternoon to do some shopping, and while walking down Bromfield street, I saw a quaint old book store. These shops have always had a strong fascination for me, and I could not resist the temptation to enter. One of the first objects that met my eye was a rather dilapidated, but still legible copy of a book which two years before had been immensely popular. I had never read the story, and so bought it at a ridiculously low price.

The day had been an unusually "strenuous" one for me, and as I sat reading my treasure that night, I felt extremely drowsy. Fight the sensation as I would, I could not overcome it, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus.

In my sleep I seemed to see the book I held in my hand release itself from my grasp, and slip quietly to the floor. With that strange inconsistency characteristic of dreams, the volume stood on end, and began to address me as follows: "Would you like to hear the story of my life?" "Nothing," was my reply, "would give me greater pleasure, if you'll only hurry up about it, for I'm sleepy, and want to get to bed." "All right," said the book, "I will be brief, but you, I think, would do well to learn better manners."

"My name, as you know," it continued, "is Ice-Jane Meredith. I was written by Ford-Leicester Paul, and was published by Mougton, Hifflin & Co., of Boston. I was not always as you see me now. What I have suffered no one can imagine. I was one of the first edition of the work, and was exposed for sale in a place called, I think, DeFiske, Wolfe & Co. Numbers of my companions lay above me, but gradually, one by one, they were taken away, and one day I found myself on the top of the pile. That day a young lady came in and bought me. I was wrapped up in nice brown paper and taken home with her. She was awfully nice to me, and gave me the prettiest red and green marker you ever saw. One day, however, there came an end to all my dreams of happiness. I was lent to a friend of my purchaser's, and never returned again. My new mistress was not very careful of me, and left me on a chair in the library one day. Here the young lady's brother found me, and proceeded to hold me under the water-faucet, because he had heard his sister say I was dry. Imagine how I felt.

Well, of course, the young lady was now too ashamed to return me, soiled as I was, and so I was put into a dark closet along with a lot of dusty old newspapers. Here I spent one year of misery. One day, however, a rag man bought me, and he in turn sold me to the book-dealer in whose shop you found me. My new habitation was anything but a paradise, but it was better than that corner full of dust. Now I would advise you —"

At this point, however, I was awakened by a light touch on my

shoulder, and turned to find my mother smiling at me.

Yes, it was only a dream, but still, I think, a most profitable one. I wonder if I would have been advised to take better care of my books, had not my dream been interrupted. At any rate I have made up my mind never to subject any literature of mine to such treatment as "Ice-Jane Meredith" received." H. A. H., '02.

MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL ASSURED.

AUTHORITY having been given by the selectmen of Brookline at a special town meeting to proceed with the plans for the new manual training high school, it will not be many weeks before everything is well in hand for the immediate prosecution of the work.

The location of the school will be on Tappan street, near the present High School building and facing the Brookline Common. The plans call for a handsome structure, 190 by 88 feet at its widest part. The style of architecture will be Italian Renaissance, and the building will be constructed of brick and stone, with a slate roof.

In the basement will be the forge shop, 77 by 44 feet, the largest room on this floor; also a foundry, boiler and engine room, engineer's quarters, and a room for the storage of bicycles. On this floor, as on the others, there will be a number of wash and locker-rooms which, in the basement, will be directly connected with the forge shop, thus allowing the juvenile mechanics to change their clothes with the least possible inconvenience.

On the first or ground floor will be the machine, chipping and filing shop, 72 by 50 feet, turning and pattern shop, 50 by 28 feet, stock room, circular and jig saw room, and officers' and teachers' rooms. While the basement and ground floor will be devoted to the more practical departments of mechanical work, the second floor will be for the more theoretical branches. Here will be two mechanical drawing-rooms, library, reading and lecture-rooms.

In each room of the building accommodations have been planned for twenty-four pupils, and the arrangement of every machine or appliance has been made with a view to an abundance of light,

plenty of room and the maximum of convenience for each student. A careful study has been made of the best of the various manual training schools in successful operation, and it is the general belief of those who have been interested in the carrying out of this idea for the youths of Brookline that the proposed structure when completed will be an improvement upon them all.

A NIGHT AT THE SHORE.

During the Christmas vacation I had an invite from Jack Sprague to go down to his cottage at Cohasset and spend a few days — cooking our own meals and loafing in general. He also asked Dick Clarke, who agreed with me (for once in his life) that it would be first rate. Everything was to be found at the cottage except food and bedclothes. We were to take the food, quite a job, by the way, and the bedding was to come down in a trunk.

We left on the morning train and soon arrived at Cohasset. Here we made arrangements in regard to the trunk, and footed it to the cottage. Being hungry, we had a "light lunch"; then went outside and soon discovered that the nearest cottage to us was occupied by a set of older boys. "I see our finish tonight," remarked Dick, but both Jack and I uttered that remarkable word of "chestnuts." The afternoon was soon over and we found ourselves cooking a hearty dinner consisting of griddle cakes and maple syrup. "It's going to be a corking night," said Jack, filling a coal-hod for the stove upstairs. "I wonder," I said to Dick, "if Jack knows how to make a fire." "Pooh," answered he, "any poor idiot knows that, but," with a glance at the unwashed dishes, "I guess I'd better help him. You can wash the dishes." "Thanks," I said, getting to work.

Evening came, but no bedclothes. Jack suggested that the expressman would come in the early evening, being moonlight, and we thought no more about it.

Cards had become stupid, and at last Dick said, yawning, "Well, I'm going to bed. Let's match for the old mattress upstairs and the piano cover." We agreed — and Dick won. "Ta-ta, pleasant dreams," he yawned, and dragged his piano cover upstairs.

The wind was blowing pretty hard and made wierd and mournful noises about the house. Half an hour had passed and Jack and I still sat in front of the fire, dozing. Suddenly came Dick's voice from the upper story. It was weaker than usual, and seemed to waver more than was necessary, considering the short distance it had to cover. "Say, you fellers, is it comfortable down there?" I winked at Jack. Jack grinned. Again, still weaker, came the voice, "Say! there's awful queer noises up here and its dark." Another pause. We both grinned. "I'm coming down." He appeared at the doorway, dragging his piano cover and mattress after him. Just at that moment a sound came from the piazza without.

"The other fellers," we all said in one long, trembling whisper, and then the door was tried. Dick looked white. Again came a knock. We at last decided upon a ruse. Jack and I were to stand in front of the door with the coal-hod half full and the water pitcher entirely full. Dick was to draw the bolt quickly and pull the door open. We would hurl our missiles at the foe, then rush out, pelting them with potatoes.

"All ready," whispered Dick, "Let her go!" He flung wide open the door and we hurled our missiles at the figure of which we got a momentary glance. We then rushed out just in time to see — disappearing around the corner, begrimed with coal-dust, dripping with water — the expressman. '03.

THE SAGAMORE

Published throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, fifty cents a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Subscription Manager, Robert E. Blakeslee, Summitt Ave., Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

EDITORIALS.

At last the B. H. S. A. A. is on its feet, thanks to one who scorns notoriety, and to the members of "Brookline Amateur Theatricals," who, by the sweat of their brows, cleared the Association's everlasting debt. Again we can walk into Wright & Ditson's with proud step and have things charged without fear. About one hundred and eighty dollars was cleared. Sweaters and a coach are now provided for the basket-ball team and other athletics come in for their share.

We are glad to say that Miss McMackin, the meek "Mrs. Martin," has left the hospital and we hope will have returned to school by this issue.

The Congressional Committee which investigated the hazing of cadets at the West Point Academy met January 23rd to lay out a general plan of action. Informal discussion disclosed that all the members were in substantial agreement on the following recommendations: Expulsion from the military academy for sending or accepting a challenge; exclusion from subsequent appointment to the army of anyone dismissed from the academy on account of hazing or fighting; more tactical officers to give greater supervision to cadets, and closer relations between these officers and the cadets.

NEWS NOTES.

Talk about sarcasm! Did the postman give you a handful of bills New Year's morning and then wish you a happy New Year?

In English history a boy got up to recite recently, and here is what he said: "The first opposition of the reign was the putting down of the toobulent barons. Their leader was Flakes." Here is what he meant: "The first event of the reign was the putting down of the turbulent barons. Their leader was Falkes de Breaute."

It is interesting to note that the popular expression "rough house" was in vogue sixty years ago.

B. H. S. was pretty well represented among the performers at Fairyland Many Brookline High School girls (including graduates) took part.

All of us enjoyed Roscoe Conkling Bruce's talk on debating. It is apropos to note that his father was the first colored senator of the United States.

What horrid cat-like howl is it that issues from the Hall? It is different from the usual screeches and groans that we hear Tuesday and Wednesday mornings. Good heavens! It is Mr. B——s playing the organ!

We all draw a long breath after the strain of the mid-years. That worried look that was noticeable on the faces of many towards the last of January has given way to an expression of settled despair or, in a few cases, of joyful relief.

Who filled J. B——'s nice brown Derby with coal down at the shop? There was blood in his eye when he discovered it.

Who broke the window in the lower corridor?

"You're a blackguard!" shouted the angry brakeman to the colored train conductor, and he couldn't deny it.

W —— G —— n thought that "les messieurs" should be translated "the misters" but Mr. Brooks differed from him.

H —— y F —— r has invented a new tense in French verbs. The name of the tense is presentpast.

By the resignation of Elmer E. Case, teacher of mathematics in the Classical High School, this city loses a strong, capable, modest and influential teacher. It is to be deplored that other cities and towns, by paying higher salaries, can wean away our capable teachers. Mr. Case has served with much faithfulness in the High School for six years past.—Lynn Review.

A girl of I German came to class without her pencil the other day. When the time came to write she announced to the teacher, "Ich habe kein Frülistück," and the class smiled audibly.

The first class photograph committee have started in on the wholesale plan. They have visited at least ten studios and posed twenty-five times apiece all in one day. Their pictures will soon be

on exhibition in Room 10, and a cordial invitation is extended to one and all to step up and help themselves.

The young ladies of the Senior class all vie with one another as to who shall have the honor of waiting on the lunch counter. Perhaps they are filled with the secret hope that a roll may fall on the floor, and then, of course, it wouldn't be honorable to sell it.

Who says girls cannot fence? Their advances and charges are frightful to look upon. Woe betide the boy who incurs the displeasure of a Senior girl, for he will be challenged to mortal combat.

The charge of the lunch counter is now given to Lancaster Clark.

Florence E. Barrett, B. H. S. '99, has made the Varsity basketball team at Radcliffe.

Louis Farley, who was president of the Athletic Association at the beginning of the year, is now in the country taking a vacation, having won out in the competitive examination for the appointment to Annapolis.

A Latin pupil in scanning came to the word "spolio." After looking at it for a minute, he finally stammered out, "sapolio." His teacher remarked that he hoped that had cleared it up for him.

As you probably noticed in the last issue of the SAGAMORE, one of the advertisements read, "When you eat your lunch, remember me." The boys who obtained some of those shop-worn rolls at the lunch counter can testify that they complied with the above.

The organ is a great addition to the music in the Hall.

Wanted: An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Mr. Cole says that most of the school can sing high A flat. Does he mean the boys?

No more whispering in the Hall. Look out, students!

Someone in III German thinks it would be more polite to call Dame Care, Mrs. Care.

Geometry teacher: "How shall I construct the angle, this way?" Pupil: "No, the other way."

The Debating Club is having a prosperous and interesting season, but there is dire need of more new members. There is no reason why Mr. Bruce's remarks should not bring plenty of additional members, but boys who are approached on the subject say, "Oh, I can't de-

bate, so what's the use of joining?" This is no excuse at all, for one doesn't join the club because he knows how to debate, but because he needs to learn how.

Wanted: Pupils of the Second Class with talent in some entertaining line, to participate in the Junior Public Day.

A certain member of II English A wrote as follows in one of his compositions the other day: "Nurse Wade attached herself to the medical *corpse* of Dr. Sebastian!"

Seen on the blackboard in the II A Geometry class: "The *Aria* of Triangle A B C."

G——ge C——kins is now taking "anti-fat" to reduce his weight.

Notice: Pupils will always find key in desk of Room 13, and are, of course, expected to convey to their respective homes pads, punched paper, pencils, erasers, etc.

LOCALS.

We had some difficulty in getting a new manager for the finance of the lunch counter, but now we have one person superintending that department and several taking care of the food.

H. E.—Strange that this person should be a young lady.

The "Human Eye" — Did you hear about the fellow who tried to make game of a boarding-house chicken, supposing that under the steady stare of the human eye, he could make any animal quail?

Perhaps you have noticed some of the songs advertised in our music books. Here are three which seem to be a whole temperance lecture in themselves,— "Champagne Song," "Ye Spotted Snakes," and "Down With Alcohol."

The report now is that our supply of punch paper is going so rapidly that it may give out before the end of the year, notwithstanding the saying which we have heard, that everything goes but the paper and that is stationery.

G. W.— We think that you have a birthday on February 22.

Winning that Furniss prize of fifty dollars was "hot stuff."

Notice: We have a Cook and a Taylor in the school. They may be seen in their respective class rooms.

If Miss Hartwell should keep a member of "College English" after school for not using capitals correctly in his or her composition, would that be capital punishment? If it is, we are not in favor of it.

Mr. Brooks tells us that in French verse they generally try to make the last word of the line rhyme to the eye as well as to the ear. This is the result of an attempt in our language:

We went to sail in a yacht;
The storm we noticed it nacht,
But when we reached shore,
We very soon sore
The shower had wet us a lacht.

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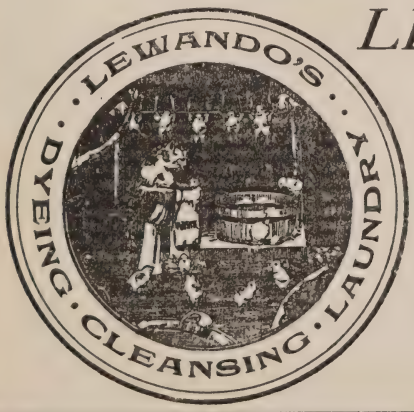

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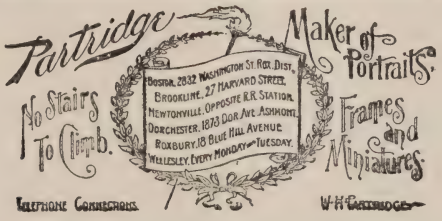

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MARCH

1901

THE SAGAMORE

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River. — WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 7 MARCH, 1901 NUMBER 5

FROM HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.

The following is a copy of a letter to the Brookline High School from Anthony Watson at Hampton Institute. Mr. Watson, it will be remembered, is the student that Brookline has been sending to the school in Virginia:

HAMPTON, VA., Jan. 28, 1901.

Kind Friends: — It has been quite a while since you all have had a letter from me. As it is now time for me to write again I shall tell you something of my school life since I wrote last.

At the close of last term I was promoted from Middle Preparatory Class (Night School) to First Year Middle, N. S. During the summer I stayed here on the school grounds and worked at the same job that was first assigned to me, which was janitor in the Domestic Science Building. I worked there until about Oct. 17, 1900. Then my work year was finished and I am now in the Trade School.

We had a very pleasant summer, and I am quite sure all of the Night School students who stayed here enjoyed their stay. We did not have any night school and that made it more pleasant for us. At first the hours seemed very long before bedtime, but I think they were better spent than they would have been if we had been compelled to go to school, after working those long hot days.

The summer days have passed and we are hard at work again, *almost* before we can realize that summer has been here.

I am now working at my trade (carpentry). I like it very much. According to my judgment, I *think* I am getting along very well. Not long ago I cut my finger with a chisel and was out of the shop one week. I have had to lose some time attending rehearsals of

the play that is to be played in the North in a few weeks. And all *that* has caused me to be behind some of the boys, but not all, and I don't expect to always be behind those whom I am now behind. When I go North that will take some of my time also. But I think it will be worth a great deal to me to have that opportunity, as I have never been. I was very glad to see some of my friends down here last term from your school. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing some of you again.

I had almost decided to go to Day School this term, but after talking with some of the instructors I thought it best to get my trade first. After that I expect to finish the academic.

I am in the school's band now, but I can't play while my finger is sore. I blow a clarinet (B flat).

You remember when I wrote last I told my friends that next time I would not write such a long letter, and so I shall not. I will close now. Thanking you for what you have done towards helping me here at Hampton, I remain, Yours very gratefully,

ANTHONY D. WATSON.

POPULAR SONGS.

THERE are different kinds of popular music and now there are so many airs that are played, whistled, and sung, that it is difficult to remember the name that goes with every tune. We hear all our popular music — that is, of a certain class — ground out upon the streets by hurdy-gurdies and hand-organs, so that every one has ample opportunity to become familiar with it.

Quite a good many years ago our popular music was very sentimental and rather tiresome, so that rag-time music, although some of it is very poor, may be considered as an improvement. I remember "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," "Sweet Marie," and "Just Break the News to Mother" as types of this weakly sentimental kind, and, fortunately, one rarely hears them now. The pathetic songs were usually about "mother"— the composer of the song always referred to mother and used her as the main figure in all situations; the court-room, the old home, and the death scene, all gave equal opportunities for mother and naturally she became tiresome.

She is very good in some situations, but we rebel when she appropriates them all.

About the same time, or possibly a little later, Chevalier introduced his coster songs into America, and they soon became popular and remained in favor for some time. They could not, by any means, be called choice, but they were interesting and were full of character. Some of the music had a swing to it that was very catching.

Lately, martial music and coon songs have formed the main part of our popular music and we seem to have given up sentiment — perhaps a good thing. Mr. Grossmith speaks of the "everlasting coon" in his recitations, and I quite agree with him. He says that the "coon" has even reached England, but has become sadly changed during his travels.

Some of our martial music is very good, as that of Sousa and the good light operas. Some, however, is very bad, the "Blue and the Gray" being one of the worst. The music is poor and the words are atrocious. Nevertheless, it is a great favorite, and one may hear it on the streets at almost any hour of the day.

Some of the negro melodies are excellent and all the rag-time music is interesting. It has a dash and swing that catch the attention even if the composition is not very musical. "My Hannah Lady," "Darktown," and "My Lady Lu," might be taken as types of the good coon songs. The latter has real music in it and makes a very good piece if well played and sung.

The Chinese and Japanese songs have been popular with us at times, although they do not seem to be remembered for long, but make an appearance at intervals. The music is dainty and rather tinkling, some of it being very good.

Looking back a few years, I think we may congratulate ourselves that popular songs have improved. We have done away with sickly sentiment and now like what is fresh and wholesome. Some years ago the songs were very poor; now they must be fairly good or they are not accepted by the public. The best light operas find instant popularity and it is so with single compositions. Though we have many worthless songs that are great favorites, on the whole one might venture to say that the popular music of the time is very good.

E. M., '02.

HERFORD'S " ESCAPED RABBIT."

" 'I wonder,' he said,
'How long I'd be dead
If my life were as short as my tail.' "

A PART GREATER THAN A HOLE.

MR. A. M. LARKIN and his friend, Mr. J. C. Heath, with baggage intact, had just landed in San Francisco. They proceeded, at once, to the Occidental Hotel, where they soon found themselves comfortably established in room No. 39, a spacious apartment on the fifth.

The door of No. 39 had two separate locks, one inside and one out, but neither of the travelers noticed this important fact.

After a short rest Larkin suggested taking a stroll before dinner. Heath, however, preferred to stay in and enjoy a quiet nap, so after Larkin had taken his departure he carefully locked the door, and throwing himself on the bed, was soon snoring peacefully.

Larkin, after his walk, returned to the hotel, and going at once to his room attempted to unlock the door. He had no trouble in turning the key, but when it came to opening the door he found it a different matter. He was in blissful ignorance of the fact that Heath had locked it on the inside, so after several vain attempts to get in he gave it up as a bad job, sought out the clerk, told that the door of No. 39 was "jammed," and adjourned to a neighboring café to await repairs.

The noise Larkin had made in attempting to get in aroused Heath, who awoke with the impression that some one had knocked. After several sleepy commands to "come in" he remembered that he had locked the door and arose with the intention of opening it.

Now Larkin, in trying to get in, had departed leaving the door locked on the outside, so when Heath essayed to unlock it from the inside it refused to budge. This puzzled Heath, who immediately forgot all about anyone having knocked and devoted all his energy to opening the door, but being unable to make the slightest im-

pression upon it he came to the conclusion, as Larkin had done, that it was "jammed" and began ringing the bell violently with the intention of calling the bell boy to his aid. However, the bell boy was in an unresponsive mood that afternoon so Heath, after ringing at intervals for half an hour, gave up all hope of obtaining relief through him and again attacked the door. The more Heath worked over that door, the more exasperated he got, until the air in the immediate vicinity began to assume a pale blue tint, which gradually deepened as he increased his exertions. At last, having reached a desperate state of mind, he determined to make his escape through the transom. This particular transom was a rather heavy affair, with hinges at the top, and could be pushed up and made to catch on a small hook. Heath fastened it up in this way. He then mounted a chair, stepped gingerly on the back of it and, with a mighty spring, launched his head and shoulders through the opening.

Now Heath either misjudged the size of the aperture or forgot that he was above the average weight. At any rate he soon reached a stage in his wild career where he could go no further and was forced to come to a halt. He then attempted to retreat, but in his efforts to locate the chair again he kicked it over and there he hung, unable to move either way. To add to his discomfiture, the transom suddenly descended, securely pinning him down and eliminating what little chance of escape there had been. This was too much for Heath. He broke forth into a torrent of oaths, exclamations and cries. He kicked all the varnish off the door, and, finding nothing else to vent his wrath upon, he administered a right uppercut to the glass in the transom above him, breaking it to fragments.

Groups of frightened chambermaids gathered in the halls and gazed at him in a terror-stricken manner, thinking that the man had suddenly become insane.

At last, one, having more presence of mind than the rest, ran to the clerk and gave him to understand that there was a raving maniac in No. 39, who had wrecked his room and was now trying to escape through the transom in order to continue his work of devastation elsewhere.

The clerk, who knew Mr. Heath and Mr. Larkin to be very

quiet sort of men ordinarily, went up to see what was wrong. He found Heath in the condition already described and learned between paroxysms of profanity how he came to be in that undignified position.

A ladder was at once procured and after a great deal of trouble on the part of the clerk, and profanity on the part of Heath, the latter was, at last, removed from his uncomfortable situation.

When Larkin came in he found his friend still "throwing off sparks," and it was some time before he could calm him down enough to learn what had happened.

Of course, the story spread, and the hotel boarders had a great deal of fun at Heath's expense. The limit was reached, however, three days after the episode, when a letter, addressed to Mr. J. C. Heath, was delivered at the door of room No. 39. Upon opening it a drawing was disclosed in which a rather corpulent gentleman, a door and a transom were the central figures; and underneath was written:

"A Part Greater Than a Hole."

E. E. P., 1902.

WOULD YOU BE POPULAR?

CONTRIBUTE of your best to the pleasure of others. Study the character of each, and sympathize with all in troubles or in joy, however small, says "Woman's Life."

Be gentle in speech. Never retort with an angry word, remembering that the second word makes the quarrel.

Govern yourself, guard your temper, avoid moods and pets and sulkiness.

Be unselfish, deny yourself and prefer others; readily pardon any seeming lack of attention.

Beware of the scandalmonger, and shut your eyes to what ought not to be repeated.—*Exchange.*

The Senior's face was pale and sad,
His aching heart was far from glad;
For at the top of his Latin exam
There smiled upon him a great big D.

A VISIT TO THE COLOSSEUM BY MOONLIGHT.

THE Colosseum rose vast and shadowy, its irregular outline clearly traceable in the moonlight. We entered through one of the huge dark arches and stood in the midst of the wonderful great amphitheatre. The pale, spectral moonbeams lightly touched the crumbling wall, leaving the shadows black and terrible.

A feeling of awe oppressed us and we held our breath, not venturing to speak. We were face to face with that dim, far-off past, of which this silent ruin is a monument.

Fancy, awakened by the weird surroundings, pictured tier after tier of seats filled by ghostly spectators robed in togas. There, in the most conspicuous place, opposite the entrance, sits the Emperor in all the splendor of old Roman days. He is surrounded by flattering, devoted nobles. But, see! the spectral crowd bends forward eagerly and there in the ring appears a youth. His body is powerful and well developed, his face strong and handsome, is framed in clustering curls. A burst of applause breaks from the lookers-on — and dies away like the sighing of the wind. Now at the further end of the arena a door creaks and a mighty powerful lion leaps into the ring; with a wild, bewildered look he gazes at the rows of people. The youth moves, the lion sees him and advances slowly, his head close to the ground. Stealthily, steadily he creeps forward, making ready to spring. The young man braces himself, waiting with strained muscles to receive the beast. The creature makes a mighty leap, we shudder, look about and see the calm moonlight falling on the bare walls. We recognize our friends and realize that it is the present and that these massive walls are only ruins.

L. A. P., 1901.

THE DELIGHTS OF SUBURBAN LIFE.

WHEN a man buys a house in the suburbs we immediately envy him. We sigh, and think of the fresh, dewy, spring mornings he will enjoy, or how he will hear the blackbird and the robin singing their little hearts out on the topmost bough of the fragrant blossoming apple tree. We think of him sitting on his piazza

on those still, calm summer nights, watching the moon rise and drinking iced lemonade. How we pity ourselves, shut up in the hot city! Then we think of the hot Indian summer mornings when he will arrive at the office laden down with stories of fresh eggs and apples as big as your head. How furious he makes us telling us of the ease with which a small garden can be made to supply all the wants of human nature.

Then, oh, then, the money that he makes out of us on his "strictly fresh eggs" and farm vegetables. We eat, and think how much we are saving by buying of a "friend," and paying wholesale prices.

But we never think of him struggling home in a blinding snowstorm to find the water-pipes frozen solid, so that there is no fire in the stove, the baby sick with a cold, his wife in tears and no possible means of reaching either the plumber or the doctor. Sitting comfortably before our snug fires, we never imagine him crawling under the front piazza, tea kettle in hand, trying to thaw out the pipe, or walking the floor with baby all night.

We are very much astonished when we hear how his wife was stalled one night in an electric car on her way home from the theatre. But we can only laugh helplessly when he relates how he went after her on an ice sledge. We pity him, shut up in the house by a snowstorm, unable to get out just at the crisis of a big deal that he is making.

Oh, it is delightful to live in the suburbs. It is a weakness of human nature to prefer life in the city.

T. F., 1902.

A half-drunken wag, passing along the sidewalk, stopped opposite the large low window of a tailor shop. The window was wide open and the tailor was seated at work on the table near it, when the wag walked up and in a loud voice, said: "Hallo, Cabbage! what o'clock is it?" Cabbage seized his yardstick and gave Mr. Wag a heavy blow on the shoulders, exclaiming, "It has just struck one!" The wag sprang back, and rubbing his sore shoulder, but with a very sober face, said, "Look here, old Cabbage, I want to know if your watch is a repeater!"—(*Extract.*)

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

SOME time ago, a certain gentleman told me the following story, which was originally related to him by President McKinley and which, strange as it may seem, has never appeared in print.

This remarkable tale formed part of the contents of a letter written by Minister Conger to the President shortly after the siege of Pekin. During this siege, as every one knows, the American, and in fact all foreign ministers, were for a time in desperate straits, and for many days thought that their death was a question of only a few hours.

It seems that in former times it was the custom of people who found themselves in trouble or danger to turn to the Bible, open it at random, and take the first verse which came to their notice as a divine message of hope or despair, as the case might be. Mrs. Conger, being a devout woman, sought this method of securing hope and encouragement. Opening the New Testament at random, her eye caught at first glance the following verses from the first chapter of Second Corinthians, the singular aptness of which will be at once recognized: —

"For we would not, brethren, have you ignorant of our trouble which came to us in Asia, that we were pressed out of the measure, above strength, in so much that we despaired even of life:

"But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead:

"Who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us."

'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
  Is slowly rising in the west;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
  The frog is on his downy nest.
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
  Hilarious, leap from bough to bough.

—*Scribner's.*

CHEAP MEALS FOR LONDON POOR.

YEARS ago Sir Thomas Lipton declared that if he ever became rich, he would help to supply good food at the lowest possible price to the poor. The first of the Alexandra Trust dining-rooms, named after the Princess of Wales, and for which Sir Thomas donated £100,000, was opened lately.

The meals cost from a halfpenny to four-and-a-half pence, and consist of hot oatmeal, soup, steak, pudding, vegetables, and tea, coffee, or cocoa. For a halfpenny one can buy a quantity of vegetables or pudding. There are also intermediate dishes at various prices.

The arrangements include the sending of hot meals at a halfpenny a head to schools within a radius of three miles. Another part of the scheme is to provide hot-water carts to convey meals to sick and bed-ridden persons. The dining-rooms can accommodate 1,500 persons at a time, and there are ample facilities for serving from ten to twelve thousand persons daily.—*Boston Cooking School Magazine.*

NEW STYLES IN BOMBSHELLS.

A NEW French illuminating shell bursts in the air and emits a fiery body of globular shape, which vividly lights up a large area for a considerable time. It is the latest improvement in a branch of military pyrotechnics which has recently been receiving much attention from war experts.

The idea of the illuminating bomb is to expose at night the position of an enemy, or to reveal the character of his defenses, when an attack is contemplated. Ther are already several such projectiles, of different varieties, on the market. With one, a shell is fired from an ordinary cannon (a mountain howitzer will serve the purpose, the bombs being of various calibres), and it is so constructed as to explode on impact, liberating a flaming compound.

In the warfare of the future, if the hope of humanitarians is not misplaced, projectiles may be loaded with harmless drugs, which on bursting will spread a sleep-producing vapor. Thus a whole

regiment, or perhaps a brigade, of soldiers may be plunged into involuntary slumber by a single well-aimed shell — to be subsequently awakened by their captors and gently escorted to a place of kindly captivity.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

NEWS NOTES.

An outsider said that the B. H. S. had a good deal of principle. Well, Mr. S——d is not a very small man.

The committee for the lunch counter during February consisted of Fred Wead (manager), Rachael Simonds and Lancaster Clark.

How about the new regulations in regard to the lower corridor? Who feels badly because there is to be no more "rough house" there?

By the gift of E. F. Ritchie & Son, the school now has in physical laboratory a large cylinder which was formerly in the possession of the renowned Dr. Benjamin Franklin. This cylinder, while not used by him, was kept as a reserve in his office, in case anything should happen to the one which he used. It was part of a machine for the generation of frictional electricity.

There is occasion for another remark or two about West Point hazing, apropos of the cadets' voluntary abolition of the operation. In the first place, it is noteworthy that no one doubts that the cadets will do exactly as they promise. The formal assurance of four cadets, representing the four classes, was instantly accepted by even the committee of Congress as sufficient. Certainly there must be much good in the history, the sentiment and the traditions of an institution when the word of four youths is taken so implicitly as this.

G——rge C——kins has found "anti-fat" so effective, that he recommends it to H——ry Hir——rg to reduce the size of his head.

Miss H—t—ll. "What is the distinction between the words 'home' and 'house'?"

Miss B——s. "Well, 'home' is the atmosphere and 'house' is the building."

The Debating Club is to have a joint debate with Roxbury High some time in March on the question, "Resolved—That the United States adopt the Ship Subsidy Bill."

It has been found that the pupils of II Greek enjoy studying in comfort, and accordingly they have been allowed to recite to Mr. Sanford in the reception room once a week.

A certain member of II English, when asked to give an example of the use of 'vocation' and 'avocation,' replied as follows: "He follows the vocation of a minister, and the avocation of a baseball player." Quite a combination!

It is hereby brought to the notice of all pupils who sit in Room 7 that the bust of Homer is there for the sole purpose of having the boys put cigarettes in his mouth, hats upon his head and parti-colored mufflers about his neck. The school authorities also earnestly hope that the pupils will continue their practice of drawing faces upon the chandelier globes.

Are you a member of the spelling class that meets twice a week in the teacher's room?

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver, only put on at the moment of extreme danger, and then half the time put on hind side before.—*Josh Billings.*

ENGLISH RECITATION.—Miss H—w—l. "Please punctuate the following sentence:

" 'Lord Palmerston entered on his head a white hat upon his feet large but well-polished boots upon his brow a dark cloud in his hand a faithful walking stick saying nothing.' "

Miss Edith Bouvé has been appointed captain and Miss Bessie Lord, manager of the second B. H. S. basket ball team. The school now has two regularly appointed teams. The second meets the first team in regular practice twice a week.

The following notice was seen posted in the Reservoir railroad station: "Found—A glove. Will the party having the mate to it please leave it with the ticket agent, as they will fit the finder perfectly."

Nothing wastes time like miscalculation. It negatives all results. It is the parent of incompleteness, the great author of the unfinished and the unserviceable.—HAMERTON.

Mr. Brooks need not feel discouraged with his second class boys "There are others," as the following from the "Roxbury Enterprise" shows:

"We have been studying French for several months, and nearly every pupil can now say, 'Je ne comprends pas.'"

I think it was Mr. Packard who asked some one in class the other day "to run up the curtain."

In an old number of the Pingry Record is a notice to the effect that "at a recent meeting of the entire school," two boys were chosen "cheer leaders." It would be well to adopt this plan for our school.

Hereafter when "policemen" wish to use the exchanges as "billies" with which to club boys into submission, they may find old numbers on the top shelf, put there for that purpose.

First Retired Piece of Type—"Well, I've made my mark in the world."

Second Ditto—"That's nothing. I've made mine in the Journal. —*Exchange.*

By far the most pretentious of the SAGAMORE'S exchanges is "The Southern Workman," published at the Hampton Institute. This magazine was founded by General Armstrong, and consists of articles by prominent educators almost entirely upon the education of the colored man and on the negro problem. It contains, however, a good story of the civil war, "Uncle Billy's Mo'ners."

A father and his three children were to give a Christmas present to the mother, and the youngest was chosen to make the presentation speech, which she did in this wise, "Dear mamma, this gift is from your three children and your one husband."

THE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL.

THE registration statistics of Harvard University furnish an interesting illustration of the high respect entertained for its law school by those living in distant parts of the United States. The number of students registered as attending the law school is 645, or a little less than one-third of the number registered as students in the collegiate department. It is easy to understand why young men, residents of other states as well as of Massachusetts, should in considerable numbers enter Harvard College. It is the

oldest, largest, and, in certain respects, the most historic institution of learning in the United States; it possesses practically all of the educational facilities that can be found in other colleges, and it is assumed, though perhaps erroneously, that those who go there as undergraduates obtain certain social advantages, both present and future, which cannot be secured by passing four years at any other American university. There are, in other words, a number of reasons why the collegiate department of the university should have a large number of students, apart from the advantages in the way of instruction that are offered. But in almost all cases men go to a law school for strictly professional purposes. The success of a football team is not a drawing feature, and little time is afforded for anything other than professional studies if a man wishes even to graduate, to say nothing of graduating with honor. Men come in relatively large numbers to the Harvard law school who have graduated from other colleges. The probability is that, for comprehensive and thorough instruction in law, there is no law school in this country, if, indeed, there is in the world, which is the equal of that of Harvard University, and it is this fact which accounts for its popularity among those who under equivalent conditions would seek their legal instruction elsewhere. — *Transcript.*

M. Deschamps arrived in New York on the steamship Aquitaine, and was the guest of James H. Hyde, who furnished the Cercle with the fund by means of which the lectures are carried on. He is a small man, of well-knit figure, with small moustache and imperial, and a pleasing countenance — probably a little short of fifty. He speaks with the precision and articulation of the actor Coquelin, and with a Voltairian's choice and use of words. In his buttonhole he wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

— *Herald.*

"Is there a single good reason why so small a state as Rhode Island should have two capitals?" asks the "Providence Journal." How else should it be spelled?

THE SAGAMORE

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EDITORIAL.

Edward VII shows his judgment in choosing Mr. John S. Sargent to paint the first portrait of the King and Queen in their regal robes.

⚜

AT the recent banquet of the British Empire League Mr. Maxim was one of the last to leave the table, and a small knot of distinguished guests waited for him at the door — the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire and others — by all of whom the great inventor was warmly greeted. The Prince of Wales shook hands with him, the Duke of York expressed his intention of having "another look" at the Maxim works, while Lord Salisbury, addressing the Prince of Wales, said: "I was just telling Mr. Maxim that he had prevented more men from dying of old age than any other man that ever lived!"

⚜

We again feel called upon to mention our trials and tribulations. We are already well along in March and soon it will be time to ride our bicycles to school. But what do we do with them when we get here? We must either leave them around in the ooze to be walked over, or line the sides of the corridor with them.

By riding our bicycles to school we save much time and often escape being tardy. We are told (by our teachers) that we must not be late. In such a case, since the bicycle so often saves us from coming in late, we think that the town ought in some way provide for our wheels during the time we are in school. Otherwise we shall be forced to write as our excuse when we enter the lower corridor at 8:35: "No place to put wheel, so had to walk." This fact has been recognized in the drawing up of the plans for the manual training building, which is to have a room for the storage of bicycles. It is not too late to make such a provision for the High School. The Seniors leave in three months!

A woman has a right to do anything she can do well.
Nothing can make a woman unwomanly but herself.

LOCALS.

Some of the boys seem to be quite pleased with the Case that came to school.

The faces of the members of the Photograph Committee will soon be as well known as if they had written testimonials for some patent medicine.

In the gymnastic work of the Senior Class Woodbury and Crocker seem to take the lead.

One of the advertisers in the last month's SAGAMORE is the firm of "Hand Brothers." We wonder if one of these brothers is the "helping Hand" we have heard so much about.

QUESTIONS IN ENGLISH.—Which is correct, "Without the Meade of some melodious tear," or "Without the tear of some melodious Meade?" To whom does "Meade" refer. Daniel or Joseph?

It is rumored around the school that B——g went into the "Chamber of Horrors" at Music Hall and the authorities of the theatre tried to persuade him to remain.

What did this announcement put you to thinking about? "Great reduction! Pupils may obtain tickets for the Fox lectures at the ridiculously low figure of 12 1-2c. a lecture or 25c. for two, marked down from 75c." When the announcer mentioned 12 1-2c. it is said that the pupils occupying the middle section of the hall became very attentive.

NEWS NOTE IN LAST SAGAMORE.—"The young ladies of the Senior Class all vie with one another as to who shall have the honor of waiting on the lunch counter. Perhaps they are filled with the secret hope that a roll will fall on the floor, and then, of course, it wouldn't be honorable to sell it." Remark.—It is to be hoped that there is no young lady in the Senior Class so undignified as to take a roll on the floor.

The Junior Public Day was only a second class event.

The Honorable President of the Debating Club takes the negative side of the question, "Resolved, that a soda fountain be established at the lunch counter." He says that it would be a big fizzle. (Wouldn't that jar your mother's preserves?)

Some people still seem to think that, as a photographer, Partridge is a "bird."

WANTED—A few "H's" by a B. H. S. boy marked with red ink.

Quite a while ago, when the first French class was reading "Horace," there was a dispute as to whether it would be proper for a young lady to marry a man who had killed her brother. Miss H——mes said that it depended on the circumstances. We trust she did not mean the circumstances of the young man.

With Richard Crocker, and Richard Croker as citizens of the United States, there will be a chance for some confusion in public life.

The class that is reading "La Tulipe Noir" always seems to forget whether the word "orangiste" refers to the fruit man or organist.

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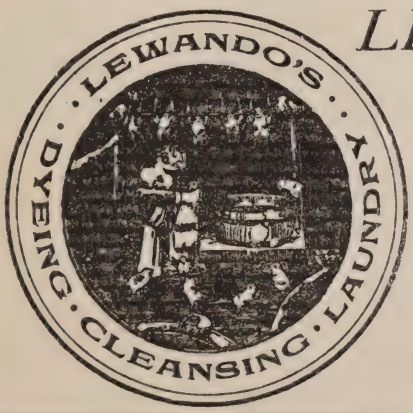

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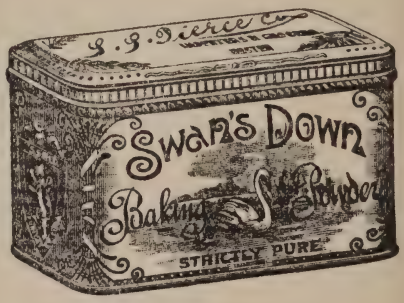

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River. — WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 7 APRIL, 1901 NUMBER 6

WE THREE.

Our Cruise on The Beno.

TWO of us, Lubber, the captain and owner; myself, pilot and crew, decided to take a cruise for our health on the twenty-five-foot cat-boat Beno. After waiting until it was nearly time for school to open, so that we could not possibly get back in time for the first few days, we started for Dorchester Bay, where we boarded the Beno.

Next morning, at sunrise, with a nice breeze blowing from some direction, we made our way out of the harbor and headed south. The breeze held until we were off Minot's Light, when it died away, leaving only enough to keep the pennant cool. In four hours we made about one hundred yards' progress, and when I started to whistle for a little wind Lubber, who is very superstitious, desired me to desist, as he feared there would be a gale if I kept on.

Plymouth was the port we had intended to anchor in that night, but either through lack of wind, or because of bad seamanship, we did not anchor at all, but enjoyed an all-night moonlight sail, which was more or less pleasing to all members of the party and the crew.

I happen to know a fellow who exists on Duxbury beach during the vacation, and, so we headed in for the beach to take him aboard and show him how to run a boat. After parting my hair in the center (the young man had a couple of sisters and the tender was cranky) we sailed as near in as we dared with the Beno and then I performed the difficult feat of getting into the tender and by hard rowing succeeded in landing right side up on the beach. As I was

pulling the boat further up from the water Swab (the young man I have mentioned) came running down in his best trousers and a sleveless shirt. Of course, he invited me up to take breakfast, but I was afraid to leave Lubber all alone, so I made Swab get right into the tender and come aboard. This looks easy on paper, but kindly try to shove an amateur boat off from a sandy beach when there is a small surf on and a new pair of trousers.

Well, I think we had better pass over the next half hour, sufficient to say that we had to pick the boat up and carry it out beyond the surf.

Lubber was very glad to see Swab, as they had played together in the streets when both were young; and so after we got under way we were a merry party, especially Lubber, and I. We saw that Swab was sitting in the remains of the strawberry jam, which we had for breakfast that morning.

We arrived at Plymouth about noon, fairly starved. The voyage was without incident, excepting that while we were trying to run up the channel we were dismayed at seeing a boat of our own size overtaking us, which had as cargo a lot of pretty girls. Our attention was soon called to her name, which was "Rose Standish," and which we could see very plainly without their pointing to it. All this time we had completely ignored the buoys which mark the channel, and as soon as the "Rose" was out of sight we found ourselves nicely aground on that lovely substance known as Plymouth mud, with the tide rapidly retreating. We spent a considerable period in trying to shove our boat off; we went out and pushed and tried to pull by the anchor rode, but it was all in vain. The Beno was doomed to lie there until next tide. One of this crew of brilliant youths then devised the plan of carrying the dear tender to the edge of the channel, and rowing to Plymouth town, which was not far off, to procure a meal. We put on our shore clothes, Swab had his on, and finally arrived at the wharf. From there we passed up to the main street and looked for a well-stocked restaurant that would suit us. This was rather a difficult thing to do, as our tastes differed, or, perhaps, our purses. Finally we decided to try "Dick Hunt's Hash House," I think that was the name. Anyway, we went in and all ordered a meat pie. We'll know better next time what to

order. I think myself that it ought to have been clam chowder or some sort of fish in that sea-board town; but, anyway, we ate what they brought us, and borrowed all their toothpicks when we went out. When we were well out of the place more than two of us vowed that we'd eat the ballast out of the boat before we tackled any more of their meat pie.

After walking up and down the main street until Swab's feet got sore (he had no shoes on), we went back to the boat and found her almost afloat, but very dirty. No doubt she was loth to part with the bottom of the bay; it seemed that way, because most of it was all over her sides where she had been rolling in it during our absence.

We finally succeeded in getting the Bemo partially respectable looking, and as there was a fair breeze we got the mud-hook aboard and started for Duxbury.

E. B., '03.

(To be Continued.)

IMPRESSIONS OF OUR VICE PRESIDENT, DERIVED FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

EVERY American has heard of Theodore Roosevelt, through the newspapers, but comparatively few have had the pleasure of knowing him personally. Consequently the only way that an average mortal has had of forming his opinion concerning his character has been by strict attention to the various articles about him which have appeared in the various journals and magazines during the past three or four years.

Our modern newspapers furnish us two means to draw from in forming our impressions of any public man. First, pictorial representations, or cartoons, and, second, semi-autobiographies, as it were. If we placed our faith in the cartoons of the daily papers we should always think of Mr. Roosevelt as a man with a large mouth, huge teeth and a bristling moustache, clad in a wide-brimmed sombrero, red flannel shirt, buckskin trousers and cowhide boots, sitting

astride of a bucking mustang about whose ears he is brandishing a tremendous revolver. This vision, however, would gradually fade away when we remembered that the gentleman in question was our reverend and highly respected Vice President, and we should be obliged to pin our confidence to the less vivid, but more trustworthy efforts of our press.

As a sportsman Mr. Roosevelt has long held a prominent place in the eyes of the public. Accounts of his hunting and fishing expeditions have appeared from time to time in all our papers, while his proficiency on horseback has become proverbial. According to a certain New York paper it was a combination of his love for these two pastimes which led him to organize his celebrated regiment of Rough Riders. His command over this regiment certainly gave him all the horseback riding he wanted, while the Spaniards provided him larger game than he had ever been accustomed to shoot at while on any of his hunting trips.

The reports of his conduct during the Spanish war are of such a nature as to command the admiration and respect of every American citizen. We heard of him as a brilliant commander, fearless in battle and ever forgetful of himself in his actions of kindness and consideration toward his men. It was these reports which won for him in a large measure his high position in the hearts of the people, and it was this popularity which finally placed him in the chair of the Governor of the State of New York.

The reports of Roosevelt as a statesman have been no less encouraging than those of him as a soldier. Aside from a few unpleasant cuts, which all public men must expect, his name and character have always been set forth in the most favorable light. In fact, judging from the newspaper accounts, Mr. Roosevelt has proven himself such a thorough gentleman in everything he has undertaken that we need have no fear about entrusting to him the office of Vice President during the coming four years.

E. E. P., '02.

A RECENT PUBLICATION.

A BOOK that I have read lately and like very much is Eben Holden. It held my interest throughout and some passages I read more than once, as, for instance, the wise and humorous remarks of "Uncle Eb" and a few beautiful descriptions.

The book, although in the form of a story, is really a character sketch of an old man, who is ignorant, but gentle, large-hearted and lovable, one of nature's noblemen, in fact.

The story is that of an old man who travels from the North with a little boy, the orphaned son of his former employers. They find a home with a kind-hearted family living in a small town of New York, and the boy is adopted. The author tells of the boy's childhood experiences and those of little Hope, the child of his foster parents. When the boy has become a man he works at journalism in New York city under the direction of Horace Greeley, and finally serves in the Union army at Bull Run, where he is wounded. After his recovery he successfully courts Hope, and the story closes just before their marriage.

Uncle Eb does not apparently figure in this story, as I tell it, but he is really the main character and all the plot hinges upon him. It is through his unselfish devotion that the boy finds a home and makes his way in life, and in one way or another this man benefits all with whom he comes in contact. It may be truly said of him that he found his happiness in making others happy.

The author's style is fresh, clear and forceful, and Uncle Eb makes many original and humorous remarks that are very delightful. One that seemed particularly bright to me was: "When some folks call you a fool its a pretty good sign that you ain't one." Eben's humor is always kindly and he is never witty at the expense of another's feelings.

One of Eben Holden's marked characteristics is his firm faith in God. He is always cheery, hopes for the best, and trusts that all things will come out right in the end.

The book contains some beautiful descriptions, and some of the author's thoughts make a strong impression on the reader's mind.

In one passage, for instance, he speaks of the whippoorwill's calls, heard in the silence of a moonlit night, as "waves of music on a sea of silence." He also finely describes the exquisite music of an apparently stolid old violinist. One wonders if the author had read Ernest Seton Thompson when he makes Eben say that "man is the only creature mean enough to kill for the fun of it." The exact words are found in one of Thompson's animal sketches, but the thought may easily have been original with both authors.

A part of Eben Holden that is not as delightful as the rest of the book and seems unnatural is the love-making. It seems a little stilted and affected; one feels that the lovers would not have talked in this manner under the circumstances. Hope, too, does not seem very real to me; the author does not explain what it was in her that attracted so many people. Perhaps that was left to the reader's imagination.

There are a number of character sketches in the book, second only to that of Uncle Eb. Among those that touched and interested me the most were that of the lonely country poet, and of the old lantern-maker who felt that his misfortune was a dream from which he would soon awake.

Eben Holden is a book well worth reading; and one can find food for thought in considering the usefulness of a life like that of Uncle Eb, a simple, ignorant man, unknown to the world, except in the small town in which he lived. His dying words, spoken to the boy he has reared, that "though he does not know where he is going, he is not afraid," close the book. E. M. '02.

INAUGURATION DAY AT WASHINGTON.

THE first question that rose in the minds of thousands of people as they awoke on Monday morning, March 4, was: "Is it pleasant?" and these thousands were delighted when they opened their eyes to see the sun burst forth in all its radiance; for this was Inauguration Day.

A little before ten our party started for the postoffice, where we had windows from which to view the parade. Pennsylvania Avenue was thickly lined with people on either side of the street, and no one was allowed to cross between the ropes unless he was the happy possesor of a badge. We had these talismans, so the policeman, after a good deal of trouble, got us through the crowd of people on each side of the line.

Our windows in the postoffice looked down toward the Capitol and we had a fine view of the faces of the soldiers as they marched back to the reviewing stand. At about eleven the President and his escort passed on their way to the Capitol, where Mr. McKinley was to take his oath of office. Just as they were passing the building where we were one of the horses of the mounted escort slipped and the rider went sprawling on the ground. The horse quickly got up and rushed back to his former place in the ranks and the man shamefacedly followed his leader.

On the opposite side of the street from us we noticed a woman rather peculiarly dressed, who had come within the lines and stood proudly and excitedly waving an American flag at arm's length. Her arm swung so vigorously that we began to take an interest in her and soon we nicknamed her "Mrs. Nation." Two policemen approached and tried to remonstrate with her for entering on that side of the rope, but she came out victorious and held her place until six o'clock at night, waving the flag continually, except during the short time the people had to get their lunch, while the oath of office was being administered. At about eleven o'clock the sun was overshadowed, and just after twelve the rain came down in torrents. A very few had been wise and brought umbrellas, but notwithstanding this omission, the vrowd remained standing in the rain with no covering overhead. Just below us there was a gentleman in a tall silk hat, taking pictures; let us wish him good luck! One might

expect that such weather would drive many people home, but the crowd in the streets remained as large as ever.

Betwen one and two o'clock the President came back and the parade commenced. Although Mr. McKinley had only just recovered from the grip, he remained in an open carriage, his hat in his hand, and bowed right and left to the people. There is no need for me to tell the order of the procession, for the newspapers have given that.

Nothing could have appealed to our loyalty more than the sight of the soldiers, as we saw them as far as the eye could reach up the avenue, marching in even step. Of all the thousands of soldiers the cadets were by far the most deserving of mention. Whenever the parade was mentioned afterwards the cadets were always highly praised.

We watched the marching until nearly five o'clock and then, as soon as the Massachusetts regiment had passed we left for home in order to prepare for the Inauguration Ball, which was to be the climax of the day.

M. F. H., 1901.

ASLEEP AT HIS POST.

If you were to examine the muster roll of the —th Massachusetts Infantry you would find this record: "James Reed, honorably mustered out August 26th, 1899." About the name of James Reed there hangs a story, the facts of which happened in our late war with Spain. Company B, to which Reed belonged formed a part of the advance guard of General McArthur's command, that was leading General Shafter's victorious army toward Santiago. After a week of scouting and fighting and answering different calls of alarm, the men of B Company were well worn out. On a certain night it was Private Reed's turn to mount guard. The regiment was scattered over the crest and sides of a hill, on the further side of which there ran a railroad from Siboney to San Juan; and it was of the most vital importance that this road should not be destroyed. The sentinels were placed in such a way as to form a half moon; the centre rested on the track, and the two ends lay in the woods about half a mile from each other. Number 1 was stationed at one end,

number 2 in the center, and number 3 at the other end. The three men were not within hearing distance of each other. It happened that the duty of number 2 fell to "Jim" Reed, so that his beat lay along the railroad track. As Reed walked back and forth, with his rifle on his shoulder, his thoughts wandered to his home: he thought of his bright young sister, and, perhaps, of some other fellow's sister; he wondered about his friends at the college he had just left; he thought, too, of his comrades asleep on the hill. Finally he sat down between the rails and peered into the dense under-brush. The still night air was drowsy, and only the humming of insects could be heard. The tall palms and the low bushes in front of him stood silent and motionless, as if listening to catch some far-away sound. Everything was still. At last he realized that he felt sleepy, and leaning back he laid his head against a rail, just for a moment, as he thought, and as he slowly stretched out one foot after the other he dropped quietly to sleep. Poor fellow, he was at last peacefully resting. Days of marching and scouting, and nights of fighting and alarm, had robbed him of his rest, and nature must assert herself, even at the seat of war.

* * * * * *

The captain of the guard, a stocky young fellow, yawned, then picking up his sword and revolver, he started on his rounds to visit his sentinels. Number 1 challenged him sharply, so he moved on, and after a few minutes walking he came to the railroad track. Then he muttered to himself, "I'll walk up the track, on the rails, and surprise young Reed. If I walk upon the gravel my boots will make such a noise that they will tell I'm coming, and spoil my fun. He started up the road to the spot where the poor boy lay, "asleep at his post." It so happened that the captain chose for his walk the same rail on which "Jim" had laid his head. As he drew near to the tired man the vibrations became louder and louder on Reed's ear. He seemed to hear the waves breaking on the beach at Marblehead, and he awoke with a start. Sitting up, he saw the figure of a man slowly approaching. Grasping his rifle he rose, and cried, "Halt!" The captain gave the countersign, and after closely questioning Reed passed on. "Jim" stood rooted to the ground; then, fully realizing the danger he had just escaped, he gasped, "That rail saved my life." C. B. F. 1903.

NEWS NOTES.

Goodby, lunch counter!

Why not have the Senior dance in April, before it gets so hot?

A member of the Senior Class recently explained an allusion to Cerberus by saying, "Cerberus was a three-headed dog stationed at the entrance of Hades to keep away tramps."

It is said that if Sir Thomas Lipton intends to raise the cup he'd better get a derrick.

In the contest held at the Sportsman's Show in the Chicago Colosseum, last month, the Brookline Swimming Club won seven points out of a possible eight.

Bravo, Mr. Gillette! In his little speech at the Hollis Street Theatre Saturday night Mr. Gillette announced modestly, but with unmistakable emphasis, that although he had no intention of abandoning dramatic work at present, this was positively his last appearance before the curtain of a theatre in this country. "I feel," he said, "that in appearing before the curtain, or outside of the scenes of the play, I am shattering at one blow the illusion which not only myself, but the entire company, has been working faithfully to establish. This illusion or sense of actuality is at the very basis of modern effective drama, and it should not be subjected to so rude and unnecessary a blow."—*Transcript.*

The boys' basket ball team played Brighton High March 22, beating them, 21—4.

It is rumored that Brookline is to have a field day out on the Common, some time in the latter part of May. Both Grammar and High School girls and boys will participate in the marching, the free movements and in the games and apparatus exercises.

The motto of Room 19 is "See me at 1.35." It can be heard in that room at any time.

We hear that a subscription is to be taken up shortly to buy a razor for a boy in Room X.

The work on the raising of the Maine began April the first.

One boy down at the shop tried to make a weld, but he didn't succeed because he didn't have sand enough.

A teacher of English in this school whose special abhorrence is slang, said recently, when the bells were out of order, that she thought they must be twisted.

HEARD AT AN AUCTION.—"This, ladies and gentlemen, is a beautiful hand-painted, china, hair receiver. Fine ornament for a mantelpiece or sideboard."

Some of us thought that the flag was raised on the seventeenth of March in honor of St. Patrick.

The third class will have to have a pretty good programme on its public day in order to equal that of the second class.

A certain member of the II German suggests that we translate Sie machten grosze Augen"—"They made 'goo-goo' eyes."

It is reported, on good authority, that one of the boys of the second class went to Chicago for the sole purpose of getting a new pair of shoes.

"The newly-organized" Personal Appearance Committee has been very effective. Have you noticed the great number of fresh hair cuts that have resulted?

Members of the Class of '98, B. H. S., held their annual class dinner at the Parker House. Mr. John T. Floyd acted as toastmaster, and among those who responded to his summons to speak were Mr. I. Nelson Manning, Mr. Edwin M. Bush, Harvard, '02; Mr. Gardner Rogers, M. I. T., '02; Mr. Thomas I. Taylor and Mr. Lowell C. Richardson. The officers of the Class of '98 are: President, J. Nelson Manning; Vice President, John W. Horr; Secretary and Treasurer, Max G. Andres.

Miss Winnifred Finney received from a manufacturer of wall paper the sum of $10 for one of her designs drawn in this school last year, which was placed by Miss Weir in an exhibition in Boston. The gentleman saw the design and was so well pleased with it, that he bought it then and there.

The following so-called "postoffice rules" are not official, but they are amusing:

1. Feather beds are not mailable.
2. A pair of onions will go for two scents.
3. Ink bottles must be corked when sent by mail.
4. Over three pounds of real estate are not mailable.
5. Persons are compelled to lick their own postage stamps and envelopes; the postmaster cannot be compelled to do this.
6. An arrangement has been perfected by which letters without postage will be immediately forwarded — to the dead letter office.
7. Persons are earnestly requested not to send postal cards with money orders inclosed, as large sums are lost in that way.
8. Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hands, he cannot be held responsible.
9. When letters are received bearing no direction, the persons for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster, that they may at once be forwarded.
10. A stamp of the foot is not sufficient to carry a letter.
11. As all postmasters are expert linguists, the address may be written in Chinese or Choctaw.
12. The placing of stamps upside down on letters is prohibited. Several postmasters have recently been seriously injured while trying to stand on their heads to cancel stamps placed in this manner.
13. It is unsafe to mail apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them, as some clerks have a weakness for such things.
14. Alligators over ten feet in length are not allowed to be transmitted by mail.
15. Young ladies who desire to send their Saratoga trunks by mail to watering places the coming summer should notify the Postmaster-General at once. They must not be over seven feet long by thirteen feet high.
16. When watches are sent through the mail, if the sender will put a notice on the outside, the postmasters will wind and keep in running order.
17. Poems on "Spring" and "Beautiful Snow" are rigidly excluded from the mails.
18. John Smith gets his mail from 674,279 postoffices, hence a letter directed to John Smith, United States, will reach him.
19. When candy is sent through the mails it is earnestly requested that both ends of the package be left open, so that the employes of the postoffice may test its quality.
20. When you send a money order in a letter always write full and explicit directions in the same letter, so that any person getting the letter can draw the money.—*Boston Globe.*

APROPOS OF MANY THINGS.

Twenty thousand rose bushes on the Public Garden the coming season will do something towards making the city more sweet.

A special dispatch from Berne, Switzerland, says a vast glacier slide from the Rossboden Alps has destroyed Simplon street in Berne. For a distance of a mile and a quarter the forests have been swept down and the valley is filled with block ice. Two persons are reported killed.— *Herald.*

A fast trolley car is being tested in Philadelphia, we are told by the *Scientific American.* "It takes newspapers in the early morning to Chestnut Hill, fourteen and three-quarters miles away. It runs at a rate of thirty-five miles an hour, including a stop at least every three-quarters of a mile. Occasionally it has run a mile in a minute and an eighth, and it has made the entire distance in twenty-five minutes, including stops, which is the same time as the express trains made for the same distance."

A thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, is, more properly speaking, a knowledge of human nature on the wrong side.— *Goldsmith.*

Genius unexerted is no more genius than a basket of acorns is a forest of oaks.—*Beecher.*

The alphabet and the mutiplication table have their importance, but one does not pass his life in specific reference to them.— *Whiting.*

It is not book-learning that young men need, not instruction in this or that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae, which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies, do the thing.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

It is said of certain speakers that "whatever freight they carry, they are apt to lack terminal facilities."

Don't judge a man by his cloes. Dar is some mighty smaht an 'spectable people playing golf and riding bicycles dese days.—*Uncle Eben.*

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SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, fifty cents a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Subscription Manager, Robert E. Blakeslee, Summit Ave., Brookline.

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EDITORIALS.

Ye Editor's Troubles.—Editing is a nice thing. If we publish jokes people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathen. If we do then we are a hypocrite. If we remain in the office we ought to go out and hustle for locals. If we go out then we are not attending to our business. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes they say we have a pull. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely some one will say we stole this item from our exchanges, and so we did.—*Clay Center (Kan.) Times.*

In the joint debate held on Friday, March 22, with Roxbury High School Debating Club, the Brookline High School Debating Club was defeated by a narrow margin, as we like to think. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That Congress should pass the ship subsidy bill." The debaters on the affirmative, from Roxbury, were Messrs. M. M. Harris, A. L. Wheeler and W. R. Meins; on the negative, from Brookline, Messrs. Jerome Heilborn, Arthur C. Judd and Henry A. Hirshberg. Mr. Sanford presided. The judges were Messrs. Irving H. Upton and George W. Hinckley of Roxbury, and William G. Nash of Brookline. Although Brookline did not win, the debating club has every reason to be proud of its representatives, even without taking into consideration the fact that none of the speakers had ever before taken part in a public debate.

The joint debate was a success in everything except a few incidentals, the decision of the judges, etc. Roxbury High School should be proud of herself for the contingent she sent to Brookline. But where were the Brookline girls? I think that I counted about ten. Surely there could have been no monster "affair" taking them all in, for a goodly number of Brookline boys were present. Standing in at the door, I saw the "Roxbury crowd" come in in tens and twenties, while the "Brookline crowd" came in twos and threes. If there had been as many Brookline people there as there were Roxbury people, the hall would have been crowded.

LOCALS.

Le M——yne is a long-distance swimmer. A short time ago he swam out to Chicago.

The report that the authorities of the lunch counter desire to collect old coins of foreign manufacture is erroneous.

Overheard in the German Class.—"Denn es waikein Frankfurter von einen gweissen Alter." Rather suggestive of a night-lunch wagon.

We wish some fast runners would get on the track of the track team.

A certain teacher's initials are "E. C.," although he is not "easy."

This sounds ungrammatical: — "Naught one" boys graduate this June.

At the school games, held in Mechanics' Building, W——ren Tho——son did not wish to lose his heat, so he tied it with another fellow.

The "Lost Chord" is so popular that our chorus has no difficulty in finding it in their music books.

Suggestion for the name of a club composed of the alumni lunch counter service: — "Eta Beta Pie."

A short time ago, in a certain French class, we came across the word "prunelle," meaning "eyeball." Our friend, Ball, immediately suggested that an Englishman might pronounce this "high ball." In fact, we got rather balled up with the "Ball," the "eyeball" and the "high ball."

Is it to be supposed that the "Watch on the Rhine" is of Waterbury manufacture?

Lost.—An umbrella by a boy with steel ribs.

Miss J——n reprimanded a certain boy for tearing the cover of a book. Now, if this boy should lose the book, could it be recovered?

Did you hear about the man who had been to Paris so often that he was a regular Parasite?

We wonder how the debating club likes "camp" life.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.—Translate the following aloud:—"Les scoupris de sa bouche." H. F. C. '01.

NOW AND THEN.

Pat — "Say, Mike, phwat's the diffyrance bechune a man on dhe top av a hill, and one at the bottom av it?"

Mike —"Well?

Pat—"Arrah, dhere's a hill av a diffyrance."—*Ex.*

His wife (6.30 A. M.)—"John, dear, the alarm has gone off."

He (sleepily)—"Good! I hope it'll stay."

Sunday School Teacher—"Can any of you boys tell me what Lot's wife turned to?"

Little Boy—"She turned to rubber."—*Ex.*

It is told of Richard Brinsley Sheridan that he once met two royal dukes in St. James street, one of whom said:

"I say Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rogue. What is your opinion, old boy?"

Sheridan bowed, smiled, and as he took each of them by the arm, replied:

"Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

And again, being on a Parliamentary Committee, he arrived after all were assembled. He looked in vain for a seat, and then with a bow and a twinkle in his eyes, said:

"Will any gentleman move that I might take the chair?"

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

JUDGE LYNCH'S court having attended to the case of one Bilious Pete in the usual characteristic and conclusive manner, Alkali Ike was selected to break the news as gently as possible to the bereaved widow.

"Howdy-do, mom!" he saluted, when the lady had come to the door in response to his knock. "I've just dropped around to sorter tell you that—er—er—your husband ain't a-goin' to live very long."

"What makes you think he ain't?" returned the lady, in considerable surprise.

"B'cuz he's dead now," was the ingenious reply.—*Life.*

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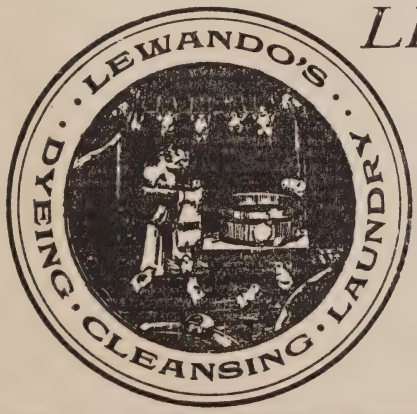

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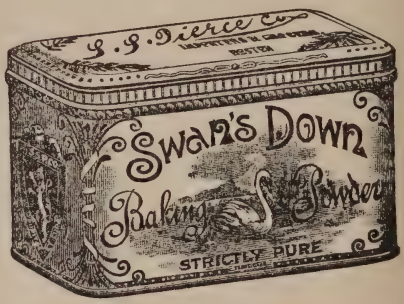

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THE SAGAMORE

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River. — WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 7 MAY, 1901 NUMBER 7

LETTERS.

The following extract from a letter written by Miss Mary W. Strickland, B. H. S., shows that the teacher of ancient history has some compensation:

On board Ss. "El Kahiva," off the Island of Crete, 15th March, 1901.

My Dear Miss F.—The recollections of our old class in ancient history have been so constantly in my mind of late that I felt that I must write to you after I had gone over so much historic ground. We spent several days in Constantinople (Byzanteum, you know), and in spite of the filth and the dogs, enjoyed the place immensely. We sailed up and down the Bosphorus, going from side to side, and stopping first in Europe and next in Asia; then to the entrance of the Black Sea, where we watched for the grain ships. Another morning we went to St. Sophia, which is much more beautiful than I had expected it to be; there is little of historic interest left. The original, huge bronze doors are there, but the crosses have been altered to suit the Turk. I tried to find the Palace of Belisarius, and our dragoman insisted that what I saw was the palace; but it was only a wall and a doorway, so I was much disappointed. However, I saw the tomb of Alexander the Great; or what they say is his sarcophagus. At any rate it was exquisitely beautiful and quite perfect. It is decorated with sculpture in high relief and is tinted in those old, soft tints that harmonize so well with the creamy whiteness of the marble. When it was found it was filled with a fluid in which was the body of a man so perfectly preserved that the skin was pink; isn't that strange? As we left Constantinople

late in the afternoon we saw but little of the Propontis, and missed the Hellespont entirely. Early the next morning we stopped at Mitylene, a beautiful, tidy little town, with picturesque ruins on its hills.

At Smyrna we saw the caravans come into town; long lines of camels, the most splendid creatures I have ever seen. But they are intolerably snobbish and we just sat and laughed to see their expression, so lofty and contemptuous.

Our principal treat came the next day when we anchored just off Piræus. We went ashore in a rowboat, and stood with our feet actually upon Greek soil. I could hardly realize it; and when we drove to the Acropolis and began to walk up the hill, I felt that I was on sacred ground. If you have never been there you cannot realize half the beauty of the place. We seemed in a city of marble, miles above anything ordinary; in a dream city in which we were conscious of memories and imaginings. It stands above the world, pure, free, majestic, and pathetic in its ruins. It is tremendously inspiring to stand in the Propylea and to think of the feet that have pressed those stones and of the hands that carved those traceries, which have never been surpassed. I stood at the entrance of the Parthenon and looked across to the other side. The white daisies nodded between the cracks in the marble floor on which we saw the grooves worn by the opening and shutting of the doors. Some of the glorious columns are standing; on one wall we saw the remains of some frescoes of saints, showing that this had been part of a Christian church. In the Erectheum we were shown the cleft in the rock made by Neptune, and the olive tree that sprang up at Athena's touch. This olive tree is small, being but three years old; still, as it grew up without having been planted it is supposed to come from the original tree.

All over the top of the hill are strewn most exquisite bits of marble, parts of statues and fragments of columns. I wanted to spend a long time here; but we had only two hours in all. Then we drove to the old theatre where the great tragedies were acted. Then we found the marble chairs carved with the names of the great men who had occupied them. There is little of the theatre left except the outline and the rows of stone benches on which the

people sat. We sat down in the marble chairs and found them much more comfortable than some of our theatre seats. A little distance away from the theatre we found the fine arch of Hadrean, and near it the great ruined temple of Zeus, with its tall, beautiful columns. Modern Athens we found to be painfully modern, with its steam and its electric trains, so we drove back to Piræus and went out to our steamer. It had been a hurried trip, but we felt repaid for our weariness and wouldn't have missed seeing the Acropolis for anything.

I hope this long account doesn't bore you; but I have always felt that I owed so much to you for making history interesting and real that I hoped you'd like to hear about my going over the ground that we used to go over in the history class.

Yours most sincerely,

MARY W. STRICKLAND.

The "Ladies Home Journal" in a late number has the following soulful bit of verse entitled: "The Golfer's Soliloquy," by George Hudson Daniels:

To tee or not to tee—that is the question;
Whether 't is easier in the back to suffer
The crick and twinges of outrageous postures,
Or to endure a foozle and the gibes
Of mocking women—curse them! To bend to kneel—
No more—and if the clay be moist, we end
The anguish and the abundant natural flow
Of perspiration—so—but sand or grass
Or sun-dried dust. Ye gods! Oh, there's the job.
For when I've coaxed the infernal ball and breathless rise
It straightway shuffles off that crumbling pile.
Then hear me swear. That's the real cause
That makes calamity of so long life.

—*Philistine.*

SHOULD BIRDS BE KILLED FOR THEIR PLUMAGE?

BIRDS should not be killed for their plumage; first, because we injure ourselves in so doing; and second, because it causes unnecessary pain among dumb animals. We harm ourselves in two ways: first, by depriving ourselves of the exceedingly great benefit we derive from birds which destroy obnoxious rodents and insects; and secondly, by losing the great pleasure which is experienced in seeing and hearing the live birds in their native haunts. Many people who lack any love of Nature or beauty consider birds merely as working instruments with which they may make more money. If a bird is so beneficial that they may see with their eyes his work, they may spare it; but if a bird does only little good, they consider it a fit mark for a gun, and persecute it to the utmost. When their bloody work is criticised by any human person they reply, "Well, what good is the bird!" This answer clearly betrays the killer's savage desire for cruelty and his utter lack of appreciation of wild beauty.

There are very few birds which do not do great good in their line, and there are a dozen which are so obnoxious as to deserve death. But these twelve rogues are generally smart enough to keep their skins whole. On account of the game laws very few song or insectivorous birds are here killed for their plumage; but as the laws do not fully consider the wearing of their plumage, foreign (generally tropical) insectivorous birds are killed in great numbers. It is the harmless and useless or semi-useful birds which suffer most from the merciless demands of fashion. The law recognizes no protection to harmless birds which beautify the landscape and please everybody of other than barbaric tastes. Among these birds, those which fashion has depleted the most, are the Pied-Billed Grebe, the Herring or Sea Gull, the Common Tern or Sea Swallow, the Snowy Heron and American Egret, the Brown and White Pelicans, the Carolina Paroquet and the Bald Eagle. The decrease in the numbers of these birds in the last few years shows to what extent birds are killed for their plumage. The Sea-Gull was once common in winter all along the coast. Now a few are

seen in the harbors where shooting it not permitted. But the common Tern has met with far greater misfortune. Since he is here in the summer only, when he is shot, the young die of starvation. Twenty years ago the terns were very common along the whole Atlantic coast; now, a very few breed only on three small islands: Gull Island, off Connecticut, and two islands in Buzzard's Bay. These remnants of the terns are now guarded closely in their breeding-places by keepers, paid by private subscription; for the law is sleepy. The American Egret and the Snowy Heron have been wiped out of existence in the United States. The cruelty attending the obtaining of the aigrette plumes is too well known to be mentioned here. The Carolina Paroquet has been practically exterminated by plume-hunters; and the National Eagle, once common in the mountains and on Cape Cod, has become very rare.

"But the birds are of no earthly use," the fashionable women say. This is not so. The Sea-Gull does inestimable service in devouring the refuse about our harbors, and the Egrets in the Southern States lessened the chances of disease by devouring dead organic matter to such a degree, that after the birds were exterminated the death-rate in the different States was greatly increased. But putting aside the economic benefit derived from the birds, think how the scenery is changed at sea with the appearance of a Sea-Gull. What would Nature be like without the birds? Very few women give the slightest thought or care to this question.

"Fashionable" women exhibit a very great amount of inconsistency. They would speak to a man whipping his horse, and call him a cruel brute, and they would not on any account see a boy shooting sparrows; yet they are the cause of far greater cruelty than they are preaching against. While they wonder how anybody can kill "the dear little birds," they may be wearing in their hat aigrette plumes, which, growing only in the nuptial season, occasion first the death of the parents and then the slow, cruel starvation of the young ones. But in spite of all that is said against this barbaric fashion, women will persist in exterminating with extreme tortures one of the most beautiful, innocent and useful creatures of the world, merely to satisfy their vanity.

To these words women reply that they had nothing to do with

the killing of the bird, that the bird was already dead when they bought the hat. These arguments are also absolutely foolish, and show a great lack of common sense. Even though women do buy plumage that is already dead they create a vacancy in the milliner's stock, which will be immediately filled by the professional bird-butcher, who will commit any cruel crime against dumb animals if he is paid for it. I consider the woman who wears certain feathers in her hat more to blame than the agent of the bloody work. The woman is generally well-educated and refined, while the man is very needy and really too ignorant and brutish to know what is right. Women think that a bird taken here or there will make no difference. The deadly work, however, demanded by fashion is extensive. A certain plume-hunter boasted of having killed three hundred Egrets in one afternoon; and another said he had killed one hundred and thirty thousand in one winter. For fashion the Snowy Heron and the Carolina Paroquet have been exterminated, or very nearly so, and many other birds are quickly approaching extinction.

The milliners' trade has been hurt by this crusade against the slaughter of birds; and so they deceive would-be humane women by saying that the breasts and wings are made up of hens' feathers, and that aigrette plumes are found scattered on the ground. Perhaps the women like to have the wool pulled over their eyes; at least I know two or three bird-lovers who are wearing carcasses on their heads, believing what the dealer has told them.

One argument which women present for the wearing of feathers is that other people kill birds for food, and that as fur-bearing animals are killed with great suffering, why then is it not right to kill the birds? This is as much as to say, "Well, if they do wrong why cannot we?" I believe it is unnecessary to wear fancy fur boas and capes, and it is decidedly wrong to trade in game or buy it at the market. Professional gunners shoot all the birds they can, and evade the law at every chance. True sportsmen are the greatest friends of birds. They seek to shorten the open season, and do their utmost in the closed season to protect the game. Certain birds called game seem to be made to be hunted, while other ones are not. The grouse and ducks which sportsmen shoot are ex-

ceedingly prolific, and aptly prepared to withstand fair hunting. The Gulls, Heron and Grebes which women kill are not prolific, and were not intended by natural law to be shot. Let us not then, for vanity and fashion, drive to destruction these innocent living beings, when ostrich plumes and hen feathers, or, better still, ribbon and flowers, look far more suitable than the mangled corpses, which bring hatred on the wearer's head from every lover of dumb animals and appreciator of wild, beautiful Nature.

H. T., '03.

THE UNITED STATES FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

FIFTY years ago it would have been practically impossible for one of our revered grandfathers to have looked forward and told, with any degree of accuracy, what would be going on in the world at the beginning of the Twentieth Century. We, however, living, as we do in a more advanced epoch, are not doomed to exist in such utter ignorance about what is going to occur, but may, by a recently invented X-Ray process, project ourselves into the future three-score or more of years. By means of the projecting qualities of one of these machines I am now writing in the year 1950.

The United States has adhered strictly to the policy of expansion during these fifty years. A glance at one of the latest maps would show that she holds all of North America—with the exception of a small strip of territory in the extreme southwestern part, besides several colonies along the coast of South America and islands scattered promiscuously about the globe too numerous to mention. She ranks first among the great nations of the world, not only in the enormous extent of her domains, but in her commercial and agricultural enterprise, as well. Her admirably equipped navy, consisting of 263 sub-marine warships and 178 aerial cruisers, is admitted by all to be the strongest aggregation of death dealing monsters ever brought together, and inspires the wholesome fear of the unlucky nation against which it is sent. These aerial

cruisers, not being restricted to water, do away completely with the necessity of maintaining a large army for land duty, as they can move with much greater rapidity and do much more damage than the largest land force that could ever be organized.

The speed of an average cruiser is about 115 miles an hour, but the passenger air-ships have attained even a greater celerity than this. The latter form the favorite and most comfortable mode of conveyance, although by no means the quickest. In 1932 a St. Louis man invented a system of great underground pneumatic tubes, through which large, tightly fitting cars are drawn by means of a vacuum formed in one end of the tube. Tubes of this sort now connect all of our great cities and furnish what is as near to instantaneous transportation as has been and probably ever will be reached. One of these enormous sub-ways between New York and London has just been completed. It is the longest span that has ever been attempted, but, so far, it has proved entirely satisfactory. The journey from New York to London is covered in exactly twenty-nine hours and forty-five minutes. Large pumping stations are placed at regular intervals along the route, and by means of these the passengers are furnished with air. The cars are veritable palaces within. Each one is about 600 feet long, and is divided up into richly furnished saloons and state-rooms, much on the same order as one of the old ocean greyhounds. In all the large cities systems of underground tubes on a somewhat smaller scale than the long distance lines take the place of the old electric cars. Boston especially makes use of this mode of transportation, and the network of sub-ways and sub-sub-ways which run under the busy streets of the Hub would surprise the good citizens of fifty years ago, should they chance to see them.

Boston is now a city of which America is justly proud. It has increased until its limits are now within a few miles of Manchester-by-the-Sea. It ranks as the second city in the United States as to population, and first in the intelligence of its citizens and the enterprise of its business men. Brookline High is the school in which the majority of these obtained their first and lasting training, and they feel justly proud of the fact that they are graduates of the largest and best preparatory school of the East.

Although the greatest energy exerted by the scientific Americans during these fifty years has been devoted to the improvement of transportation, other important changes have also taken place. The use of liquid air as a motive power is now a common thing, while an architect would no more think of leaving the liquid air cooling apparatus out of a house than he would of dispensing with the furnace or the roof-door for the convenience of aerio-cyclists.

The greatest step forward in electrical improvements has been in the telegraph and telephone. Wires have long since been eliminated from these two processes of communication, and distance is no longer taken into consideration. By a recent telephonic invention a man in New York may not only speak with his friend in Berlin, but may also by means of a certain ingenious contrivance see a reflection of his friend by means of a small mirror attached to the telephone for that purpose.

But electricity has been introduced in a manner of communication more important than either the telegraph or telephone. It has long been known by eminent astronomers that the planet Mars is inhabited, but until recently all attempts at communication with the people of this unknown world have proven fruitless. Last year, however, a Philadelphia scientist succeeded after many trials in flashing a message to Mars by means of large and improved electric lights. He received in reply an answering flash, and since then many of these silent messages have been exchanged between the two planets. As yet, however, no code of communication has been established, owing to the vast differences in the languages existing on the two globes; but in due time this difficulty will probably be overcome and we shall know something about the life and customs of our distant fellow-beings.

These are only a few of the thousands of improvements which have taken place between the year 1900 and 1950. I will refer those who wish further research on the subject to Vol. 6713850 of the Patent Office Library, Washington, D. C.

Thus does the X-Ray reveal the future United States, but in such machines flaws often occur which distort the vision to such an extent that they cannot be entirely relied upon; so, really, the only absolutely accurate way of knowing what will happen a half century hence is, for those of us who may, to live out those fifty years and then make our own observations.

E. P., '02.

ATHLETICS.

BASEBALL.

ALL the candidates for the baseball team were called out on March 29, and about forty fellows responded. The battery candidates worked in the gymnasium for about five weeks prior to the beginning of the season.

During the April vacation the squad worked hard and faithfully, and no bad effects from the first out-door practice were shown. The usual weeding out process proved to be more difficult than usual this year, owing to the evenness of the candidates.

The following fellows reported from last year's team: Nyhen, Smith, Delano, Cook and Nesbitt. Among the newcomers Pritchett and Rowley appear to be splendid acquisitions to the team. Some of the other candidates who reported were Bynner, Bartlett, Dexter, F. Barndollar, J. Barndollar, Foster, Leary, Thompson, Farley, Ball and Scripture.

During recent years baseball has, for various reasons, been on the decline in the High School, owing, in a great degree, to the non-success of the teams. Now it is high time for us to emerge from the periods of defeats which we have been passing through for the last three or four years.

Let everybody support the team, not only financially but also by being present at every game possible. Let the team be supported in all other ways also, with a determination to see it through to the very end. As an evidence of the appreciation of such support it shall be the constant effort of the team to place the nine representing the B. H. S. at the head of the list.

The first game was played on the Common April 6, with Tech, 1904, and we came out victorious—11 to 9. Up to the last inning Tech was in the lead, but by a great batting rally Brookline won the game

	1	2	3	4	5	6	R	H	E
B. H. S.	0	0	5	1	0	5	11	12	3
Tech., 1904 . . .	2	0	2	2	3	0	9	3	4

On April 11 the team played Frye School and was defeated, 13 to 10. The game was full of good and poor playing; altogether it proved very unsatisfactory.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
B. H. S.	0	1	0	3	1	0	4	0	1	10	13	5
Frye School . . .	1	0	4	0	0	0	2	6	0	13	10	2

On April 13 the team played Groton at Groton, and gave a very good account of itself by playing eleven innings to a tie—8 to 8. The pitching of Smith was magnificent and the playing of the team in general was very good.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	R	H	E
B. H. S. . .	2	1	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	0	8	10	5
Groton . . .	0	3	0	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	0	8	10	4

The annual game with the Alumni was played on the morning of April 19th. Contrary to custom the pleasure of victory was ours—10 to 9. The game was closely played throughout and was a typical holiday game, replete with good playing, to be offset now and then by stupid playing. The High School team relied mainly on Smith, and he proved his worth by pitching a fine, steady game.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
B. H. S.	4	1	0	3	0	0	2	0		10	12	3
Alumni	0	0	0	4	1	0	4	0	0	9	6	3

WONDERFUL CRAFT.

TO steer without a rudder, to stop dead, and remain stationary in any sea without an anchor, to obtain greater speed than the fastest "liner," to slow down to a snail's pace and still have steerage way; or, in other words, to be independent of tides and currents; to secure less racing of propellers; to be entitled to decreased insurance—combine all these attributes, and the result sounds like a fairy tale. Captain Mark Golinsky, of the United States mercantile marine, however, claims all these advantages and

many more for an invention in screw-propelled vessels for the exploitation of which he is now in London. Just as the main motive power of the bird is in its wings, and of the fish in its pectoral and ventral fins, the power in both cases being located about one-third from the objective end and immediately behind the widest breadth, so in Captain Golinsky's ship in addition to the usual propelling media ft, there are two screw-propellers forward, one on each side, about one-third of the distance from bow to stern.

The form of these steamships is one which nature itself suggests. "It is a combination," says the inventor, "of the codfish head and the mackerel tail," which lent the first ideas of swift craft to the builders of ships. The bow of the hull is in the form of an arrow-head, the breadth and beam of the same increasing from the stem until it attains its maximum about one-third the length of the ship, when it gradually curves laterally, thus forming relatively wide, rounded shoulders, behind which the propellers are placed. The extreme width of the bow at its rear extremity is thus greater than the body or after-portion of the hull at any point; the lower part of the vessel's hull, aft of her forward propellers, is constructed so as to have a clear run of water from such propellers.

The fact that this ship has her propellers driven by distinct engines will insure less liability to disablement by loss of stern screw, breakdown of engine or shaft. The arrow-headed steamship is independent of the rudder, as in case of accident to it she can turn easily in narrow channels with tide, wind, or current against her, and can safely approach quays, wharfs, or other vessels without tug or line assistance.

If required to land against surface wash or currents, by running her forward propellers against the current and increasing the speed of the after one going astern, the vessel will be dragged into her berth, while by equalizing the speed of her propellers she can remain almost motionless without lines out or anchor down.—*Transcript.*

"Oh Bernhardt has wonderful animation!"

"Pooh—I could show more animation than that if I were drawing $5,000 a night."

NEWS NOTES.

A certain member of II Greek translated in this remarkable manner the other day: "The Greeks had their bows on the string." However, it was only a "lapsus linguæ."

In the space of two weeks there appeared at the school four boys who had donned long trousers for the first time; and yet there was not the least suggestion of "rough-house." Who says that civilization is not extending its range of influence?

G—e C—kins suggests that perhaps Vulcan was lame because he slipped on a thunderpeal.

The last meeting of the Debating Club for the present school year was held Wednesday, April the twenty-fourth. The season has been a fairly successful one, and it is to be hoped that next year will either see the good work repeated or even excelled.

They have graduated from iron into steel forging down at the shop.

Mr. Snow and the boys who accompany him on the bicycling tour through the British Isles ought to have great fun. We heard of a bicycle repairer in Lynn who strewed tacks across the road a quarter of a mile away from his shop in each direction so as to bring him trade. We hope this is purely an American trick.

Wednesday, April 24th, the Cyrano class, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, saw Bernhardt and Coquelin at The Boston. Sixteen made up the party.

During the week of April 14th the High School corridors were often graced with the shadowy forms of "has beens." Harvard had its vacation then and the back numbers came to see how their successors were standing it.

In the waiting-room at Harvard Square, Cambridge, we notice B. Lancy's picture in the photograph of the baseball team, class of 1903, Harvard.

There are too many question marks after the names of candidates for the team in the lower corridor.

The joyful whirr of the lawn mower is beginning to fill the air. The small boy no sooner gets through taking care of the furnace when he has to begin on the grass. Truly this is a hard world.

Some of us are beginning to get anxious already over the prospect of the final exams.

Charles Chandler shows a suspiciously good knowledge of the game of roulette as played at Monte Carlo.

Is this the year 1775? We recently heard Paul Revere called upon to recite in III A German.

Yes, from an incident of yesterday, I am willing to believe that Boston has the "L'Aiglon" craze. Supposing a small youth of about four years stood in front of you as he stood before me and asked solemnly whether you had read "Long-Leg;" what would you not be willing to believe?

On Saturday, April 20th, the Girls' Basket-Ball team defeated Salem with a score of 19—32.

Mrs. B. recently took a new recruit into her domestic service. The next day, on coming down into the kitchen, she saw that the floor had been beautifully scrubbed. "Well, Bridget," she said, "that floor of yours looks well. You must have used a lot of muscle?" "Sure, mum," was the indignant reply, "never a bit of muscle did I put on thot floor, only soap and wather."

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EDITORIALS.

The basket-ball season is now nearing its close, and all who have not seen the girls play in their "B's" have missed a grand sight indeed.

The team, unlike most athletic organizations, came out ahead financially. Up to this writing five games have been played, and in three out of that five the team has proved victorious and able to run up a large score. An admission fee was charged to these games, and after paying one-half the travelling expenses of visiting teams, besides small expenses, it is found that a considerable sum remains in the treasury.

Credit is hereby given to a bright senior of 1900, who suggests that this amount shall be used for the purchase of a cup to be awarded as a prize for class competition in basket-ball. The plan is being acted upon. The several classes are picking their teams and the final contest will take place after preliminary trials on some public day. The cup will then be presented to the victorious team, whose name will be inscribed upon it. The cup is to be left in the schools, to be contested for annually; so each year will add a class name to its inscription.

The thirty-third anniversary of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute was celebrated Wednesday under circumstances that make especially notable the completion of a third of a century in the life of this school. During this time Hampton has sent out over a thousand graduates, of whom sixty per cent. are engaged in teaching. At least five thousand under graduates have gone out to prove the value of the industrial training that they have received. Of the colored students who have finished their trades since 1885, about seventy per cent. are either teaching trades or working at them; while a limited number have taken advanced courses and fitted themselves for professional careers.

Although the anniversary is not to be confused with commencement, which takes place in June, yet the former takes on some of the functions of the latter, since the graduating class has an important part in the programme. This class will add half a hundred

more to the corps of workers for the uplifting of the Negro and Indian races, which Hampton has equipped and sent out to find their place and work in obscure corners of the South and West.—*Transcript.*

LOCALS.

A CERTAIN boy went to Mr. Sanford and asked to be excused from gymnastics as he wanted to do his Physics. Mr. Packard, who happened to be in the room, said, "I think Richards should be excused as this is a physical reason."

It is a source of pain to all of us that certain boys should be so boisterous as to remove the pane from one of the windows in the locker-room.

It is rather difficult to keep your circle of acquaintances on the square.—*Chicago News.*

WANTED—A set of Harvard Examination papers for June, 1901. Address A. Phew Seenyers, Room 10.

Apropos of the lunch counter's going out of business, we desire to call attention to the sad fact that the cream was always whipped before it was put into the cream cakes. We think this rather a "tart" proceeding.

Overheard at Keith's.—Bl—k—ee is getting so good in German that he is a regular germ.

Many say that a certain boy in I French was unduly influenced by his feelings when he translated "jurer amitie" "to swear lovely."

According to the list published on the bulletin board regarding those who can take part in athletics there are several boys of questionable character in the school.

The other day in I German, "volle Kammern" was wrongly translated "full houses." It is to be feared that the translator has too intimate a knowledge of our national game.

The monthly debate between N—h—n and the senior class took place at the last class meeting in the middle of April.

We want to know if Maude S. (G——n) of the senior class was at the Horse Show.

It is said that when a certain passage in French, which was followed by asterisks, was being read, a bright teacher told the reader to continue until he saw stars.

The announcement is made of the appointment of Mr. Hath——y F—st—r, Jr., as Official Scorekeeper and Chief Bat Carrier for the baseball team.

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River. — WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 7 JUNE, 1901 NUMBER 8

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE.

IT was four years ago that we, the class of 1901, entered the High School of Brookline. There were a hundred and twenty-one of us, and in those days that was considered a pretty big number for an entering class. We all felt pretty big ourselves, there is no doubt of that, and each and every one fixed upon the noble resolve, as he entered the portal wide, that he would now make a name for himself. There were the shining delegates from the Pierce School, unequalled in general information; the stars from the Lincoln, and those brilliant satellites in the declension of Latin nouns from Miss Bean at the Lawrence. The southern part of the town was not without its representatives, and there were, besides, a few entering from Boston schools.

Our first assembling was a noteworthy affair. The lecture-room could scarcely hold us. It was election day, and the class officers were to be chosen. No one knew whom he wanted for President, and many changed their votes several times during the period of election. We thought it was all decided, when the ballot was discovered to be illegal, and we had to vote again. But at last we settled upon George Frost for President, Ella Palmer for Vice-President, and Carlton Dole for Secretary and Treasurer.

Of course everybody during the first year was working to enter a higher institution. Everyone was ambitious. In fact the classical course was full to overflowing the first semester. By the second semester the sub-classical was the most popular. (They didn't work you so hard there.) We took History and Literature with Miss Frye: she wasn't so easy, either. We took Mathematics with Mr. Wilson, and vied with one another to receive those H's

marked with a blue pencil. There was Latin with Miss Frost, with whom we plodded through the four books of Cæsar. Those not ambitious for classical honors studied the Sciences and Manual Training instead of Latin. Every one had to take Art, which was a great pleasure to the artistically inclined, and a source of great sorrow to those otherwise inclined. Nevertheless, the latter were informed that they must continue to make their daubs and scratches in order to appreciate the fine performances of the others.

We must have been a great strain upon the teachers; for Miss Frost and Mr. Wilson were absent a great deal during the year on account of illness. Mr. Tryon filled Miss Frost's place. We were a surprise to Mr. Tryon. He hadn't expected just what he found.

During this year Miss Howell held afternoon gymnastic classes for the girls of our class, and we went down to Gym. twice a week, to vault and jump and play basket-ball. In the spring an exhibition was given by the girls at the Town Hall for the benefit of the school committee; although it was a noticeable fact that others figured as largely as members of the school committee among the spectators.

There were several unusual and long-to-be remembered occurrences that year of ninety-seven. In the first place, one fine day there was perfect silence in our study period (an unusual circumstance). Suddenly, the door burst open and in came Miss Johnson, her face wreathed in smiles. She whispered something to the teacher at the desk. Immediately her face was all smiles also, and they whispered together and smiled still more. Of course we caught the infection, and smiled and whispered too. It was perfectly natural. Well, we were ordered to stay after school just for being pleasant and interested. It is certain that we've suffered hard lines at this school. It all came out at recess. Mr. Sanford was engaged to Miss Tomlinson. No wonder we whispered; we felt it in the air. Of course we trooped up in a body to congratulate the head master; and, wonderful to tell, he was smiling too.

We were a jolly class. We enjoyed good times. One day—it was art day by the way—Lisa Kinsman brought to school an instrument for taking snuff. She said it was good for a cold. Had she one, that she needed so drastic a remedy? She said it had a very queer effect upon one. Naturally everybody wanted to try the effect of taking snuff; so we all followed our inclinations and then

trooped up to the art room to have a lecture on Egyptian art by Miss Weir. Not long after we had entered the room, Edythe Freeman was seized with a violent fit of sneezing; then Edith Bouvé was taken with the same convulsions. Soon the rest followed suit, and such a noise of "ha-chu, ha-chu" pervaded the whole room that the lecturer gave up in despair, thinking, perhaps, that the dust of Cheops had become a modern irritant. Those who did not sneeze themselves were dismissed from the room for laughing at the others. The rest is too painful.

SENIOR BASE BALL TEAM.

The next autumn we returned to find that several of our mates had left the school. Lieber Percy, Herbert Watson and Gertrude Klitzke were missing at the roll call, also John Downs, who had made himself famous in baseball. The class had dwindled down to ninety-seven. This year we were put up-stairs, in rooms seven and eight; quite an improvement, we thought, for now we should never be mixed with those freshmen down-stairs. Florence Judd and Harriet Kitchel joined us to add their names to those already on the roll of fame. This year Mr. Packard, the sub-master, took the

place of Mr. Sanford as head master, because the latter was traveling in Europe. We began German with Miss Adams and waded through the difficulties of verbs. Mr. Wilson was ill again, and we were supplied with substitutes. The lot of the substitute is not a happy one; neither, in the long run, is the lot of those who come under his instruction.

At the prize-speaking contest in the spring our class was well represented, and Constance Somers took the girl's prize. Elizabeth Townsend, Mildred Pope, Charles Heintzman, John Marshall and several others left the school this year. Winthrop Richmond, Emily Blodgett and Harry Donald were our officers for this and the following year also.

Our English class recited to Miss Hartwell, and we first became acquainted with her red ink, and her disheartening remarks on our compositions; so often ending with that dreadful word, "Re-write." Our first recitation with her is a painful remembrance. Up to that time we had perhaps indulged in the calm of the Oriental mind during recitation periods, but she went in for rapid transit. She called us to order with a sharp rap of her pencil. We sat up and folded our hands. "I will try you on a few figures," she said, and glanced around the room. Finally she pointed with that eternal pencil to a small boy in the corner. "Tuscher, what is a metaphor?" Poor Tuscher gasped for breath, looked wild-eyed, and faltered some incoherent remark. She had no pity for the boy, but with a word of advice for him to keep his ears pinned back, pounced upon another victim. We have become quite hardened to her energy and enjoy the unexpectedness of the questions and the mental gymnastics required for the answers.

That year we were invited to the Senior dance—such an honor! The Tau Beta Beta girls of our class gave a tea, and so did the Gama Delta boys. In fact the class of nineteen hundred and one had come out into society.

We also had our class cat that year. She was a handsome beast; long, black, sleek and thin, and had become stretched by much handling. She was, however, an unusual creature, with her own peculiar tastes and hobbies. She had a great aversion for boys, because of the attraction they found in her tail, and she displayed an unusual fondness for German, and appeared every day with regu-

larity at our German recitation. Therefore she received the name of "die deutsche Katze."

The prizes of this year for Physics and for Mathematics were won by Robert Blakeslee and Ruth Blodgett respectively. Harold Richards took the prize given by Mr. Nash for the best debater.

SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.

Ralph Bunting, Harold Cutter, Louis Farley and Lancaster Clark came and filled the gaps that were made by those who had left the school. Mlle. Gerlach, who had been our French teacher, resigned, and the vacancy was filled by Mr. Brooks.

This year there are nearly fifty of us who have reached the highest rung of the ladder and assumed the name of Senior (it implies a

mixture of horrible and beautiful details). Mr. Brooks is our class-room teacher, but he feels no responsibility in regard to us. We have proven to be so perfectly competent in looking out for ourselves that we never cause him any feelings but those of joy and happiness (?). We sit in room ten and are indeed a delightful class to look upon. Harold Nesbitt is now President instead of Richmond; Edythe Freeman is Vice-President, and Harold Cutter, Secretary and Treasurer. James Adams, W. Dexter, H. Dexter and Emily Blodgett are gone from our ranks.

During this year the girls have set the basket-ball team on a firm standing. Florence Judd has been captain, and deserves more than a word of commendation for her excellent work.

About Christmas time the school found that it must either go hungry at recess or wade through slush and snow to buy a bun outside the school house. The lunch counter did not yield sufficient profit to induce any caterer to run it. At last Mr. Sanford consulted the Seniors. What was to be done? The class seized the opportunity to make its name famous, and established a paying corporation in the lower corridor for supplying the hungry, at 11.30, with first-class refreshments at wholesale prices. The boys took charge of the money affairs, and the girls looked out for the buttering of the rolls. Robert Blakeslee, Charles Rowley, Fred. Wead, Lancaster Clark, Harry Donald, Lillian Phillips and Rachel Simonds are to be thanked for its success. A part of the money was used to pay the expenses of the Senior dance, and forty dollars were given to the Hampton Institute scholarship. The High School of Brookline has for several years supported a student at this most worthy institution.

This year, to further the interests of athletics, Mr. Sanford and Mr. Nissen, who has taken charge of the Physical Training, offered four cups as prizes for excellence in gymnastics; two for the boys and two for the girls. The boys' prizes were awarded to Harold Nesbitt, of our class, and to Warren Thompson, of the third class. The girls' were awarded to Gertrude Laubham, of the second class, and to Ruth Blodgett, of the first.

We have had some boys in our class who have made fine records in athletics. There is Hiram Dexter, the splendid foot-ball player and runner; Farley, who played end on the team; Nesbitt, who is remarkably fine on the parallel bars and in vaulting and baseball;

Rowley, who came from the Fall River High, and has made a record in both base-ball and foot-ball this year; Wilson Dexter, who played on the base-ball team last year, and Scripture and Furfey, who both carried away honors in the late out-of-door meet.

We have good reason to feel proud of our class-mate, Louis Farley. This year he has entered Annapolis, after passing a competitive examination with flying colors. Many of our number are still planning to enter those higher institutions. We are sending next year representatives to Harvard, Yale, Williams, Dartmouth, Radcliffe and Smith, while others are planning for boarding-schools and normal schools.

There has always been one particularly interesting feature of our class. We have counted among us three sets of twins, namely, the Meades, the Richards, and the Baileys. When we were in the fourth class Mr. Packard came to hold a study period among us. One young twin was restless and wandered aimlessly around the room. Mr. Packard looked up impatiently from an absorbing item on electricity. "Richards, be seated, and stay there." Richards sank obediently into his chair. A long silence, and finally the absorbed professor of Physics heard a noise in the aisle. "Richards," he cried, "did I not tell you to keep your seat!" Poor Richards turned upon the irate teacher in blank amazement. Then a light dawned upon his face, and, with a twinkle in his eye, he replied: "Please, sir, I'm not my brother."

The Sagamore has been placed on a firm footing this year, and much praise is due to Waldo Richards, business manager, who has carried on the financial arrangements so successfully.

The girls as well as the boys have had a field-day this spring, which we hope will be the forerunner of annual field-days for the girls and inspire a greater interest in athletics on their part. On this day the chief feature was a basket-ball game between the two upper classes for the class championship. The Senior class won, and is the first to have its name inscribed upon the cup presented by the school basket-ball team.

And now we have come to the parting of the ways. What the future has in store it is not for the chronicler to know. At the present time, June, 1901, we cease to be active members of the High School of Brookline; but may the day never come when we shall cease to feel the old-time interest in our Alma Mater and to give her our heartiest co-operation and affectionate regard.

NOW AND THEN.

AGAINST PHONETIC SPELLING.

If you and I
And yew and aye
And ewe and eye, dear me,
Were all spelled U and I,
How mixed up we would be.

—*Boston Transcript.*

MISUNDERSTOOD HIM.

"I understand that you have a great deal of fret work in your home," said Mr. Sezzit to Mr. Henpeque.

"I'd rather you would not drag my wife into your conversation, sir," was the dignified reply.—*Baltimore American.*

IN PARIS.

"How do you know she is an American?"

"I heard her talking French."—*Life.*

Once there was a Poet. He wrote an Epic Poem on the Beautiful Snow, and took it to an Appreciative Editor, who grasped him by the Hand, and said he was a New-Born Genius, and gave him a Check for Ten Thousand Dollars, and an order for ten more Epics. And then the Alarm Clock went off.

Moral—The world owes much to Alarm Clocks.—*Baltimore American.*

SOMETHING NIOUX.

A full-blooded Indian, a Sioux,
One day met a prominent Jioux,
Said Lo, "Is it trioux
That people like yioux,
By iouxsiouxry thrive—or a floux?"

—*Philadelphia Press.*

AN EXCUSE.

Mistress—Another breakage, Jane? And a wedding present, too! However did you do it?

Jane (sobbing)—They al—ways break—when I—drop 'em.—*Punch.*

GOLD MEDAL ESSAY.

A NEW ENGLAND GIRLHOOD.

THERE lies on the Penobscot Bay in Maine, a little town called Castine. During late years it seems to have awakened from its half repose, and to have become somewhat of a summer resort, for, little by little, people are beginning to realize the beauties and attractions of the quaint and picturesque spot. A large hotel now stands upon the hill, from which the view towards the east discloses the clear and sparkling water of the Penobscot Bay and the faint outline of blue mountains to the right. The view towards the west shows the broad and winding course of the Bagaduce River, which meanders in and out amongst the woods and hills.

In the days of Prudence Waite's girlhood, however, Castine was a little country village, very much like other Maine villages. At that time, which was the beginning of the nineteenth century, the chief interest did not lie in the beautiful scenery, which all took as a matter of course. There was the white meeting-house on the hill, where the citizens assembled four times a week for divine worship. There was the Corner with its three stores (for Castine could boast of more than a corner grocery). There at the Post Office, or leaning against the buildings could always have been found a crowd of loafers, who discussed eagerly all the latest bits of gossip. Down there, however, overlooking the Bay was the pride of the villagers' hearts, the little fort, a remnant of the Revolution.

Running along parallel with the river was a broad street, with large elms on either side, that met in an arch overhead. Half way up the road, in a yard surrounded by a white fence, was the house in which Prudence lived. It was spotlessly white and severe in the plainness of its architecture. In the same yard there was a larger, more imposing house, that stood quite near the street. Its grand

pillars, that reached to the roof, gave it a very majestic appearance. Here lived Dr. Keene, Prudence's grandfather, the much honored and highly respected physician of the town, who had served as surgeon in the Revolutionary War.

But now for the little lady herself! She had dark brown eyes and soft brown hair, that waved slightly about her bright girlish face. Her cheeks were rosy with the bloom of health and youth, and, in spite of a certain demure primness, which seemed to characterize all her little manners, she had the least little curve to the corners of her mouth, that showed mischief lurking beneath, and a bright sparkle to those glorious eyes, that proved that Miss Prudence had a will of her own. She was the only child and lived alone with her mother, as her father had died when she was very young. Of course she was the pet of the two households, and might have been in danger of being spoiled in these days, but at that time children went through a very severe course of training. From her earliest years she had been taught to honor her parents and her elders. Therefore she never questioned whatever she was told to do; with her their word was law. She was taught to have implicit faith in them, and to feel towards them nothing but gratitude. Not to speak until spoken to, to be seen and not heard, were the good old doctrines to which her mother held her.

When she was five years old she was sent to a dame's school, where the subjects taught consisted of letters, numbers, knitting and crocheting. Although an extremely bright child and a very apt pupil she was mortally afraid of the old dame and her birch rod. Prudence's one joy here was to be allowed to go and find out the time from the eight-day clock in the hall; for was she not the only pupil who knew what those big black hands meant, and did not her teacher tell her that she was a good girl when she told it correctly.

In the big house Prudence and her mother spent most of their time after Mr. Waite's death. Hepsy, the fat colored cook, was very fond of the child, and always kept some snicker noodles for her. These snicker noodles were huge sugar cookies, adorned with a raisin. Every day after school, Prudence was sure to be found perched on the kitchen table, and, between the large bites from a very much larger cooky, she told her Hepsy all the trials and tribulations of her small five years of experience.

Once a year there came a day which Prudence anticipated with as much joy as Thanksgiving. This was shoe-man's day, and came in September. Then, oh, joy of joys, Miss Waite was placed on a bench in the barn, and measured for a brand new pair of shoes. These must last her until he should come again next September. Therefore she was taught to take care of her shoes, not to run over stones or rough places and to remember that her mother could not afford to buy her but one new pair a year. Is it any wonder that years and years later, this same Prudence should lift up her hands in horror and amazement, when a granddaughter proudly stated that she could never wear a pair of shoes but six weeks. The economy which she learned from her earliest days made her later on a thrifty and competent wife.

On Sundays they all went to church three times a day. If you had asked her, in her younger days, whether or not she liked Sundays, she would have promptly replied, "Yes." Although she was obliged to sit and listen to a sermon sometimes two hours in length, she still found pleasures that counteracted all inconveniences. In the first place she was very fond of fine clothes, and did she not wear her best straw-bonnet and red morocco boots on Sunday! Oh, those red boots! They were the delight of the child's heart. They had been a Christmas present from her grandfather, and lasted her until out-grown, for special occasions and Sundays. She took them to bed with her nights for a long time after she received them; she sat and looked at them for hours; in fact she so idolized them that the Doctor threatened to take them away from her Sundays, that her thoughts might rest on more spiritual things. Then, too, the little girl's great delight was to go into those funny big pews and close the door. She thought it such fun to be all shut up in a box. After church came Sabbath school, and here she made quite a name for herself by her aptness in reciting the catechism and the ten commandments.

Her mother believed in beginning early to fit a girl to become a useful and industrious woman; so, while still a mere child, Prudence began to help her mother and grandmother with the work. She could soon spin quite nicely and thought it great fun. In the fall she helped them dip the candles, and in the winter she sewed squares for quilts. By the time she was twelve she had worked innumerable

patterns of embroidery and had made herself a dress of pink-sprigged calico.

About the time that she finished this masterpiece in dressmaking she was ready to attend the High School at the Corner, where the more advanced boys and girls were allowed to finish their education. She enjoyed her three years of study here very much, and made several pleasant friends. Many were the husking parties, sleighing parties and balls she attended during the winter months, and many were the quilting parties and apple-roastings in grandfather's kitchen.

When Prudence was fifteen she pined to earn some money for herself. Oh, if she could only teach a district school. She was sure she could, if they would only let her try. One morning with a slight beating of the heart and a pretty flush on her round cheeks she went to the Board to be examined in Reading, Writing, Geography and Arithmetic. Two hours later the door burst open and in she rushed, crying, "Oh, mother, I've passed the examination beautifully, and please mayn't I teach now?" The mother hated to feel that she wished to begin so young, and thought she was hardly fitted to undertake it, so they consulted grandfather. Dr. Keene was a man that inspired in Prudence the greatest admiration and awe. A man of about sixty-five years of age, he was still as erect and sprightly as when a lad of twenty, but with much added dignity. He was scrupulously particular about his dress, and Prudence thought him the equal of George Washington himself, for he looked very imposing in powdered wig, ruffled shirt, small clothes to the knees, black silk stockings and buckled shoes, and best of all he wore a black cape, which he threw back quite carelessly over his left shoulder and disclosed to view the most beautiful red silk lining. Grandfather was also very proud of his brilliant granddaughter, and admired her independent spirit. The happiest moment of the little girl's life was once, when he had asked her to read aloud to him the inaugural address of President Madison. How his eyes sparkled with pride to think that this little maid of fifteen was actually ready to teach, and he put his hand upon her shoulder and said: "Yes, Prudence, my child, you are quite old enough to leave your mother, and try your hand at the wheel of work, if you wish to."

A week later she set off on the stage for Sedgewick, with her

band-box and hair trunk. Her eyes were a little dim as her mother and grandmother waved good-bye and her grandfather called "God bless you, my child," but she bravely stifled her sad feelings and thought only of the work before her. All that winter she remained in this little country town, boarding around from house to house, and teaching in a red brick school house, where all ages came to learn. The pupils were very fond of the new teacher, for she had a dignified manner much like Dr. Keene's, that demanded respect in return. She was very tall and looked much older than fifteen, for which she was very thankful, as she feared that they would take advantage of her. Patiently she took big boys of seventeen and eighteen through the trials of percentage and interest, and drilled girls of her own age in reading and writing. The school committee were pleased with the success of the school term, and asked her to return the following year.

She taught for two more years at Sedgewick and laid up quite a little sum for herself. The third year, while boarding at the Squire's, she received a letter from her grandfather, that said:

My Dear Granddaughter:—It is the wish of your mother and myself that you return to your home at once. These are troublous times; and your mother is not at all well. War is imminent with Great Britain, and if necessary I shall enlist. The stage leaves Friday. Your devoted grandfather,

Joseph Keene.

Much disturbed and anxious to get home, Prudence hastily packed her things. On arriving two days later, she found that there was really to be another war with England.

Soon after her return her grandfather offered his services as surgeon. The old fort came into use, for there were garrisoned there a company of thirty men, under a lieutenant, and Dr. Keene was made surgeon of the fort. Those were exciting times for Castine. Flags flew from all the windows. Even the girls and boys spoke indignantly of England and her treatment of the American seamen. A large flag flew above the little fort on the Bay, and there the garrison kept sharp watch over its supply of powder. If the British should learn of this powder they would come up the Bay and seize it. The lieutenant, Barnes, by name, was a bold young fellow with nothing of the coward about him. Sooner would he lose his life

than surrender, and his influence upon his men inspired in them the same feeling. As he was young and very fine looking, naturally the misses of the town were apt to take their walks in the direction of the Bay. Prudence, however, did not share the curiosity of the others, at least she pretended not to, and purposely insisted upon taking all her strolls in the opposite direction. She called her friends foolish and ill-bred, and said she shouldn't care for him anyway. Soldiers always were ill-mannered and discourteous.

She was doomed to meet him, nevertheless, for Dr. Keene liked the pleasant, spirited young fellow, and invited him around one evening to an apple-roasting. A favored few were asked to meet him, and Mercy and Lucy and Letitia all hugged Prudence, and told her she was a dear to ask them, and wasn't she wild to meet him now that she really was going to, and which would be most becoming their new blue grenadine or their brown alpaca. Prudence still stated her indifference to the evening's pleasure, and said that, as for her, she should hardly notice him, and they could have him all to themselves. She would prefer to talk to Billy Bunker, who was twice as nice, because he meant what he said, and wasn't always flattering and trying to say nice things.

At last the evening came, and we will take one glance at the kitchen and see the young people who were enjoying themselves. In those days the kitchen was the room all liked best. The front or living-room was kept for callers and honored occasions. When a person was in the front-room he felt he must not speak excepting in well-modulated tones. He must sit quite stiffly in a straight-backed chair and fold his hands, and talk about the weather. He must sit well back on the hair-cloth sofa and not on the edge, that it might not get out of shape. The curtains must be pulled down in the morning, so that the roses on the best carpet, and blue embroidered cover on the spinet might not become faded. In fact, the front room was full of "must nots," and was not exactly the place in which to have a good time. People had front rooms, because it would have been quite out of keeping with the best society not to, but still they seemed to have them only to say that they had them; for every one liked the kitchen best.

I recall that we were about to take a glimpse at Dr. Keene's kitchen that evening. It was indeed an attractive sight. Would

that we had just such rooms and just such fire-places nowadays, as we see here. The fire-place covers nearly one side of the room, and is filled with a huge back log with smaller logs laid in front. The whole burns brightly and merrily and lights up the rows and rows of well scoured tins that hang on the walls. The floor is covered with clean white sand.

Sitting around the hearth there is a merry group of young girls and boys of eighteen or twenty. Our attention is particularly attracted to a young man in a blue uniform, who is sitting beside Prudence. Oh, Prudence, we thought you were not going to look at the lieutenant. We thought you hated officers. Why do you sit there beside him and talk to him? Why do you not move over and let him talk to Mercy Jones, who was so "crazy" to meet him? You have changed your mind, you say. You do not think lieutenants are so bad after all. And where is the poor Billy Bunker? Oh, there he is on the opposite side of the hearth, roasting an apple for Letitia Green. Poor Billy, who was so simple-hearted and sincere, you thought. Well, at last you have decided that all lieutenants are not ill-mannered and discourteous.

At last Letitia jumps up and says, "Come, Prue, you promised to tell our fortunes, you know. Let Hepsy bring a cup of tea." Hepsy immdeiately comes with a large cupful of unstrained tea and a big saucer. "Whose shall I tell?" asked Prudence. "Oh, please tell mine," and Prudence looks at the lieutenant and smiles. They all gather around to hear what she will say. She takes the cup of tea, pours it into the saucer and waits for the grounds to settle into shape. "Ah, I have it," she cries, "here is the fort; there are the British; and here you are running with your men." They all laugh, and Lieutenant Barnes also, but he replies with much spirit: "No, Mistress Prudence, you will never see me run from the British." The fire-light suddenly grows dim and the forms of the happy company fade away.

As Dr. Keene felt some responsibility in regard to the fort, he began to feel anxious concerning the powder there. Several Tories in the town, he felt sure, had made known its whereabouts to the British, and it could not be long before they would be in search for it. On the day before the party, he had it taken from the fort and stored in his own attic. Now, if there should be cause for alarm it

could be easily conveyed to the fort at Hampden down the Bagaduce River.

The lieutenant went home that evening, feeling that he had indeed met a charming little woman. In fact he was so engrossed in his thoughts that it was many hours before he finally went to sleep. We will not disclose Prudence's thoughts. Suffice it to say that she staid at her window, looking out toward the Bay—and the fort—until the clock in the village tolled twelve. Then she crept softly to bed.

The following day, the early dawn had scarcely revealed the world with its dim light, when the sentinel on guard at the fort discerned a sharp speck on the horizon, that grew larger and larger as if approaching. Hastily he raised a spy-glass; and, after careful inspection, gave a swift alarm to the lieutenant. The latter soon hurried out and inquired the cause. "Come here, lieutenant, and tell me what you see." After a quick look he exclaimed, "Heavens, man, that's a British man-of-war." "Just what I thought, sir." "Rouse the men and send a messenger to Dr. Keene's, telling him to look to the powder."

No sooner said than done, and a little group of thirty men stood there in the early dawn discussing the alternative of life or death. Never would they surrender. Then they must blow up the fort, run for their lives to the river, and take the boats with the powder to the fort at Hampden.

An hour later, and a large man-of-war had anchored in the Bay. Fifteen minutes more and a small boat rowed up, holding some British officers. "Surrender your colors!" "Never, by the name of heaven," came the reply. A signal, a brief moment, and a loud explosion pierced the morning air. The little fort, Castine's pride, had been sacrificed to the American spirit of independence.

The men had taken to their heels, and were rushing through the town; they went by the Corner, and up the street to the Bagaduce. Suddenly their commander shouted "halt!" They stopped and formed into good order. The band played, and, with the sweat pouring from their heated faces, they marched calmly by Mistress' Prudence's house. Oliver Barnes had said that she should never see him run from the British.

Finally, let me say, that with the help of Prudence, her mother,

and some kind neighbors, those big kegs of powder had been thrown down the stairs with a violence which has left its trace behind even until this, the third generation. At the foot of the stairs they were seized by strong men and borne to the river, whence they were rowed to Hampden by the band of thirty men.

As a final word; if you had been at Castine three years later, in the month of May, you might have been present at a ceremony in the white church on the hill, the wedding ceremony that made Prudence Waite, Mrs. Oliver Barnes.

Ruth Blodgett.

GRADUATION.

THE Graduating Exercises of the Class of 1901 were held at the Town Hall on Tuesday, June 25, at Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

March. "Lillian Lawrence ..... Heindl
Orchestra.
Address. . " Some Elements of Success " . . . . Rev. F. H. Rowley
The Lost Chord ..... Sullivan
School Chorus.
Presentation of Diplomas .....
Chairman of School Committee
"Voices of the Woods" ..... Rubenstein
Glee Club.
Award of J. Murray Kay Prizes ..... Judge C. H. Drew
"'Lovely Appear"—from "Redemption" ..... Gounod
School Chorus.
Award of Lincoln Medals ..... The Donor
The King's Champion ..... Watson
School Chorus.

DESTINATION OF GRADUATES.

The Class of 1901 has 48 graduates. After all have received their important rolls of paper and said their good-byes, they will scatter, each going his own way. Most of the boys are going on to higher institutions. Harvard seems to be the favorite, four of our good students go to her, namely, Charles H. Rowley, Robert E. Blakslee, Harold M. Woodbury and Frederick W. Wead. Harold M. Richards and Waldo M. Richards go to Yale. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology we shall be represented by Harry W. Donald, George Funk and William G. Ball. We shall have three of our number at the Lawrence Scientific; they are Harold F. Cutter, Lancaster F. Clarke and Ralph V. Bunting. Our President, Harold E. Nesbitt, is to enter Williams College; John Furfey will study at Dartmouth; the Meade twins, Daniel and Joseph, go to business college, and George S. Nyhen enters Boston University Law School (we all know Nyhen's power in debate.

The number of girls who are going to continue their studies is not so large. Miss Clara Wellman and Miss Florence Judd are going to Radcliffe; Miss Harriet Kitchel, Miss Ruth Blodgett and Miss Mary F. Holmes to Smith; Miss Edythe Freeman will enter Rye Seminary, Rye, N. Y.; Miss Edith Bouvé goes to Miss Capen's school, Northampton; Miss Lillian Phillips will study in Europe. Musical talent is not lacking, Miss Alice N. Averil is to study music and to attend the School of Expression, Boston; Miss Margaret Barrey expects to study in a conservatory of music. Miss May Furfey is going to Normal School; Miss Maude Klous to a finishing school.

Several of the boys are going to begin their business careers next year. Ralph Scripture expects to go into a broker's office. Rudolph M. Tuscher, Richard W. Crocker, T. Arthur Quinlan, Douglas Whigham and T. Millette Leary are going to work. Some of them have already shown us that they know how to work well.

Miss Lisa Kinsman, Miss Elizabeth Lord, Miss Maude Grogan and Miss Helen Holmes count on staying at home and enjoying life. Let us hope they may find it truly enjoyable. The rest of the class are on the doubtful list and are waiting for the future to decide their fates for them. These girls who await Fate's commands are Miss Ada Bailey, Miss Ella Palmer, Miss Maude Dyer, Miss Alice Kenrick, Miss Maggie Craig, Miss Louise Sullivan and Miss Jessie Nyhen.

PRIZES AND PRIZE WINNERS.

THE J. MURRAY KAY PRIZES, consisting of $50 worth of books, are four in number.

Two of equal value, one for the boys and the other for the girls, are given for excellence in elocution. The public contest to determine the award of these prizes was held at the High School on Friday, June 14.

The winners were Charles F. Rowley, Henry A. Hirshberg (prize divided), and Olive E. McMackin.

The other two prizes, also of equal value, are awarded in the Senior Class for the best essays on "Suggested and Actual Changes in Brookline's Government since 1870."

The winners were Waldo M. Richards and Robert E. Blakeslee.

THE WILLIAM H. LINCOLN PRIZES consist of five medals, which are awarded as follows:

I. For Excellence in English.—A gold medal to a member of the first class for proficiency in English.

The basis of award was, in addition to the required work of the year, a special examination and an essay on a subject to be announced.

Won by Ruth R. Blodgett.

II. For Excellence in Modern Languages.—A silver medal to a member of the first class for marked proficiency in either French or German.

The basis of award was, in addition to the required work of the year, an oral and written test. This year the prize is given for excellence in German.

Won by Helen Holmes; Honorable mention, Lillian Phillips.

III. For Excellence in the Classics.—A silver medal for the best scholar of the first class in Greek or Latin.

The basis of award was a test in translation, sight and prepared, and in prose composition. This year the medal is given for proficiency in Greek.

Won by Harriet T. Kitchel.

IV. For Excellence in Physics.—A silver medal to the member of the second class who succeeds best in the required laboratory work of the year.

Won by Martin J. Cochrane.

V. For Excellence in Mathematics.—A silver medal to the member of the second class who passes most satisfactorily an examination in the year's mathematics.

Won by Henry A. Hirshberg.

BASE BALL TEAM.

The Sagamore

Published throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Florence M. Judd . . . . . Editor-in-Chief

Robert Blakeslee, I Class Editor
Harriet T. Kitchel, Lillian Phillips, Harold Cutter — Associate Editors of Class I

Henry Hirshburg, II Class Editor
Elvira Eglee, Arthur Judd, John Boyd — Associate Editors of Class II

Harold Barrett, III Class Editor
Marjorie Gooding, Helen Eglee — Associate Editors of Class III

Waldo M. Richards, Business Manager

Ruth Blodgett, Lancaster Clark, Arthur Christensen, Edwin Bynner — Assistant Business Managers

As we reach the end of our four years here in B. H. S., and look backward we forget annoyances and remember only pleasures. The glaring red D's have slipped from our memories and only the smiling H's hover there. We think kindly of the strong encouraging words that our teachers have given us and of the many favors so gladly and kindly granted. We have not forgotten those days when the "no school" bell rang, and the delight of seeing the sun appear shortly after. There are a dozen or more little anecdotes that we smile over and repeat to our friends. Occurrences which in our freshman year seemed painful, beyond forgetting, we pass over with a smile; and many of the grim ogres which loomed up before us then, have turned into good, kind fairies. What a pity it is that we cannot enter school with these fair impressions, instead of discovering them at the end of four years, when half gladly, half regretfully we must say good-bye. Yet this is but another instances of Pope's truth that "Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

GIRLS' FIELD DAY.

FIELD DAY.

THE above title may be used to include the private exhibition—before a select audience of home friends—of gymnastics, competitive games, etc., upon the play-ground in the rear of the High School building by the girls, upon Friday, May 24, and the public exhibition by the boys, upon the Common, of formal gymnastics as conducted by the school authorities, and track athletics as carried on by the pupils themselves, upon Wednesday, May 29.

An unusual amount of interest had been stimulated by the offer, for the first time, of the following prizes:

A.—By the Principal and the Director of Physical Training:

1.—THE HEAD MASTER'S PRIZE.—Two handsome cups of solid silver, one for the boys and one for the girls, for the best all-around physical development.

2.—THE DIRECTOR'S PRIZE.—Two smaller cups, also of solid silver, as second prizes in connection with the above.

B.—By the Athletic Association:

1.—Twelve silver medals, struck for the occasion from a new die designed for this purpose, for the individual winners in the several athletic events upon the programme.

2.—Twelve bronze medals, struck from the same die, as second prizes. The affair was a great success.

THE WINNERS.

Head Master's Prize.—Harold E. Nesbitt, Gertrude A. Laubham. Director's Prize.—Warren D. Thompson, Ruth R. Blodgett.

Medals.—

Hundred-yard hurdle—Won by F. Barndollar, '03; H. E. Nesbitt, '01, second; R. E. Scripture, '01, third. Time—13s.

Hundred-yard dash—First heat, won by A. C. Cronin, '03; G. S. Nyhen, '01, second; time, 11 1-5s. Second heat, won by W. D. Thompson, '03; C. K. Barndollar, '02, second; time, 10 4-5s. Final heat, won by W. D. Thompson, '03; A. C. Cronin, '03, second; C. K. Barndollar, '02, third; time 11s.

Mile run—Won by J. W. Shine, '03; S. U. Stranahan, '02, second; A. O. Christenson, '02 third. Time—5m. 15s.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by H. Le Moyne, '02, distance, 38 ft.; W. A. Quigley, '03, second, distance, 29ft. 4in.; G. Bartlett, '03, distance, 28ft. 6in.

Eight hundred and eighty-yard run—Won by J. A. Furfey, '01; J. N. Barndollar, '03, second; S. T. Bittenbender, third. Time—2m. 38s.

Running high jump—Won by C. K. Barndollar, '02, height, 4ft. 11 in.; G. Morrison, '02, second, 4 ft. 10in.; S. T. Bittenbender, '03, height, 4ft. 9in.

Two hundred and twenty-yard dash—Won by W. D. Thompson, '03; A. C. Cronin, '03, second; Otis Wilbor, '02, third. Time—25 1-5s.

Throwing the 12-pound hammer—H. Le Moyne, '02, distance 108ft 9in.; G. S. Nyhen, '01, distance 102 ft.; G. W. Delano, '03 third, distance 94 ft. 6in.

Running hop, step and jump—Won by H. E. Nesbitt, '01, distance 37ft. 3in.; S. T. Bittenbender, '03, second, distance 36 ft. 8in.; W. D. Thompson, '03, and R. E. Scripture, '01, tied for third, distance 36ft.

Running broad jump—Won by R. E. Scripture, '01, distance 17ft. 6in.; C. K. Brandollar, '02, second, distance 17ft. 3in.; H. E. Nesbitt, '01, third, distance 17ft.

Four hundred and forty-yard run—Won by W. D. Thompson, '03; F. Barndollar, '03, second; J. N. Barndollar, '03, third. Time—1m. 4s

Pole vault—Won by F. Barndollar, '03, height 8ft.; H. E. Nesbitt, '01, second, height 7ft. 11in.; S. T. Bittenbender, '03, third, height 7ft. 6in.

Relay team race—Won by 1903 (W. D. Thompson, F. Barndollar, S. T. Bittenbender, A. C. Cronin); 1901, second (R. E. Scripture, J. A. Furfey, H. E. Nesbitt, T. M. Leary); 1902, third (A. O. Christenson, L. E. Hirt, C. K. Barndollar, Otis Wilbor). Time—2m. 27s.

The summary by points:

Event	1903	1902	1901
100-yard hurdle	5	0	4
100-yard dash	8	1	0
Mile run	5	4	0
Shot put	4	5	0
880-yard run	4	0	5
Running high jump	1	8	0
220-yard dash	8	1	0
Putting 12-pound hammer	1	5	3
Hop step and jump	$3\frac{1}{2}$	0	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Broad jump	0	3	6
440-yard run	9	0	0
Pole vault	6	0	3
Totals	$54\frac{1}{2}$	27	$26\frac{1}{2}$

PHYSICAL TRAINING.—Athletics and gymnastics both belong under this head, but athletics alone cannot produce a real physical training, which gymnastics can, but both together must be said to come nearer to the ideal physical training of man. It is a fact that an athlete without any gymnastic training is always more or less one-sided, with some parts of his body overtrained and other parts undertrained or undeveloped; while a good gymnast most frequently makes a good athlete. If our boys would only take advantage of the experience of those of us who have been boys and who have studied these things the last thirty years, they would be the gainers, and I prophesy that the Brookline High School boys will soon be "champions" in all bodily contests.

FIELD DAY POSTERS.

The accompanying chart shows the points which each boy received in the athletic sports on Field Day and also his points in general gymnastics. It is interesting to notice that, as a rule, the good gymnast is the foremost athlete.

There can be no doubt about Nesbitt. He has the best points in gymnastics, and he takes part in a number of different sports, which show his strength of legs, arms and lungs as well as endurance. Thompson has only shown his great endurance and strength of

lungs, for he did not take part in hurdling or in any of the jumps which prove great strength of legs or arms, as in pole vaults. Another year it would be very doubtful if Thompson would be placed above Bittenbender, although he came out No. 1 in three different events, but they were all alike, while Bittenbender took part in and scored points in a number of different events, which seems to indicate that he is a better all-around athlete.

Still, as this has not been fully understood before, I think it perfectly fair that Thompson was put ahead this year.

Now let us look at the case of Le Moyne; he is a very good gymnast and a strong boy of arms and upper body; it is a pity that he does not take part in some of the running and jumping events, he would be certain to be among the foremost.

If C. K. Barndollar had taken more interest in the gymnastics he would probably also have been at the top of the list.

As a whole I am very well satisfied with the showing, and if it will help to open the eyes of our boys, I shall consider it a great triumph. Hartvig Nissen.

Tabular statement showing the results of the competition:

	Hurdle	100-yards Dash	220-yards Dash	440-yards Dash	880-yards Dash	One Mile	Hop, Step, Jump	Broad Jump	High Jump	Pole Vault	Shot Put	Hammer Throw	Total Athletics	Gymnastics
H. E. Nesbitt	4	1	..	..	..	..	5	3	1	4	..	..	18	20=38
W. D. Thompson	..	5	5	5	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	18	16=34
S. T. Bittenbender	..	1	2	..	3	..	4	1	3	3	..	..	17	17=34
F. Barndollar	5	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	14	17=31
H. Le Moyne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	10	20=30
R. E. Scripture	3	1	..	..	..	..	3	5	..	..	..	..	12	16=28
G. S. Nyhen	..	2	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	4	8	17=25
J. W. Shine	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	2	..	..	7	18=25
N. Iverson	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	..	..	5	20=25
A. C. Cronin	..	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15=23
J. A. Furfey	..	..	..	..	5	..	1	2	..	..	..	..	8	13=21
J. A. Perry	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	..	..	..	3	18=21
G. Bartlett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	3	..	5	16=21
G. Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	4	16=20
Otis Wilbor	..	1	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	5	14=19
L. E. Hirt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	..	..	2	17=19
E. A. Robert	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	2	15=17
C. B. Floyd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	16=17
A. O. Christensen	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	13=16
C. K. Barndollar	..	3	..	..	..	..	1	4	5	..	..	..	13	0=13
J. N. Barndollar	..	..	..	3	4	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	9	.. ..
W. A. Quigley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	6	.. ..
G. W. Delano	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	3	5	.. ..
S. N. Stranahan	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	.. ..
S. A. Burr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	.. ..

BASKET BALL TEAM.

BASKET BALL.

We are glad to say that the basket ball team has been more successful this year. The girls have shown a greater interest and enthusiasm than ever before, and have given the players much encouragement by coming to cheer at the games.

The first part of the season, Miss Seeley of the Normal Gymnasium coached the team, and placed it in good working order. The girls have been very regular at practice, and have worked hard to gain those much desired "B's." In January, Capt. Judd picked the team and awarded letters to Elisabeth Kinsman and Elvira Eglee, basket throwers, Florence Judd, Ruth Blodgett and Bonnibelle Beard, centres, Carol Parker and Frances Manning, guards, and Edith Bouvé and Elizabeth Lord, substitutes.

There have been five interscholastic games. The first one was with Dedham, which Brookline won by a high score. In December the team played Radcliffe Freshmen and lost, and also lost the Newton game in January. Since then it has defeated both Medford and Salem.

By charging admission to the games, the expenses were paid and a cup bought for class championship.

The prospects for next year seem very very bright, as there is a great deal of good material in the lower classes. Miss Manning and Miss Parker are captain and manager respectively. We wish them success, and hope that the school team of 1902 may win every game.

NEWS NOTES.

Miss Frances Manning has been elected captain of the Girls' Basket-ball Team for next year. Three cheers for our new captain! Miss Parker was elected manager.

Too bad so many of the boys were disabled just before Field Day.

We rejoice in the fact that the Seniors won the basket-ball cup, although some ill-disposed lower-class students have been heard saying that the Seniors should not have won it, as most girls of the Senior basket-ball team are on the school team, and that they really presented it to themselves. For who is ignorant of the fact that the High School basket-ball team presented the championship cup.

The school is much indebted to Mr. Orcutt for securing the services of W. H. Lewis, the famous Harvard coach, for the candidates of next year's foot-ball team. Mr. Lewis has already given three interesting preliminary lectures, based on the fundamentals of the game, and will begin practical work next fall.

"In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The truth of this statement is shown by Foster's translation of "Oui, Docteur" as "Yes, sweetness."

It has been our impression that the biograph was invented only a few years ago. P. Ainsworth evidently differs with us. He recently astounded III B' English class by informing them that "The Life of Richard Savage," by Johnson, was the best "biograph" of the time.

Willie K., our pitcher, has a patented method of pronunciation all his own. How about pronouncing "philosopher" as if it were spelled "philo*so*pher."

A visitor to the school left with the impression that Mr. Sanford traded in second-hand bicycles. He entered by the boy's entrance, and on looking over the door he saw this sculptured, D. S. ICE, and on looking beyond saw a motley collection of "ice wagons."

R. Flint has the true romantic spirit. He recently translated "Il m'a brusquement attiré sur sa poitrine," as "He clasped me quickly to his chest."

Some of the members of the Senior Class have been heard to remark that if they could not get their degrees in any other way they would take them from the thermometer in room 10.

The following problem from one of our algebras appears to be pretty poor grammar at first glance: If one man bought *a* bushels of grain, etc.

At least four of our teachers will spend the summer vacation in Europe. Their respective addresses during July and August are as follows: Miss Lulu G. Adams, Weimar, Deutschland; Miss Maude Hartwell, care American Express Co., 11 Rue Scribe, Paris; Mr. W. L. Snow, Weimar, Deutschland; Miss Mary P. Frye, care Messrs. Baring & Co., London.

We were heartily glad to see Geo. Stillman, B. H. S., '97 and Gordon Brown, both of the Yale football eleven, about our corridors upon Friday last.

The T. B. B. T. was O. K.

The latest perpetration by a member of the German faculty is the derivation of "gate-house;" the kind that we have at the Reservoir. We are asked to believe that it is so called because, "Das Wasser geht aus."

Now that the spring verdure has come, we know how much we Miss Green in the winter.

In some way or other, the Tau Beta Beta picture reminds one of a songsheet. Nevertheless, the young ladies are arranged in a pyramid. Now a pyramid is a solid bounded by plane (plain) faces. Of course the definition does not apply in this case.

The proper way to decline a second box of Bushway's ice cream: "Gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have reached that ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity."

ALUMNI NOTES.

Charles Nelson Wrightington, of the Class of '92, was recently drowned in Chicopee.

Benjamin Hurd, '92, is in the electrical business in New York.

Charles Jenney, '93, is the Head Master of the Belmont High School.

Louis C. Farley, formerly of class 000, was selected from among fifteen candidates for appointment to Annapolis, where C. C. Soule, 1900, is doing well. The latter comes north on a cruise this summer.

C. W. Kellogg and P. W. Moore, B. H. S., '97, graduated from Tech this spring.

Sumner Crosby, Albert Morse, Henry M. Channing, J. Gilbert Pierce, Walter Parker and Russell Stearns, B. H. S., '97, graduate from Harvard this year.

Phil Fessenden, B. H. S., 1900, enters Bowdoin as a Sophomore this year.

The B. H. S. Club, of Harvard, has a handsome shingle. We hope many may own one.

May Lewis and Marion Sharp, B. H. S., '97, graduate from Smith this year.

We are very sorry to note the death of Curtis S. Crane, '99.

Eleanor Parker, B. H. S., 1900, has been studying this past winter at the Art Museum.

Louis Farley has entered Annapolis with flying colors. The class cruises along the Atlantic coast, starting on June 8.

Mr. Sumner Crosby, a recent graduate of the Brookline High School, has been earning a Master's Degree in History while doing Senior work at Harvard University.

During the past season Miss Florence Adams, who graduated from our school in '98, has been taking the Juniors of Miss Lucy Wheelock's Kindergarten Normal School through courses in the History of Education and Psychology.

Geo. P. Sanborn must be called Doctor Sanborn after the 26th instant. He gets his M. D. degree this year. How do, Doctor?

Mary had a little dog
And it was full of squeak,
Every time she squeezed the bulb
O, how that dog did speak!

Room 10.

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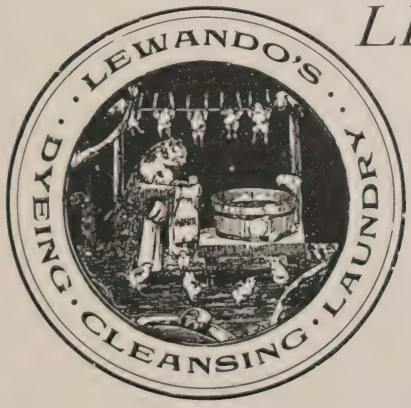

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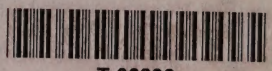

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